THE BYSTANDER
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MAY 22, 1929

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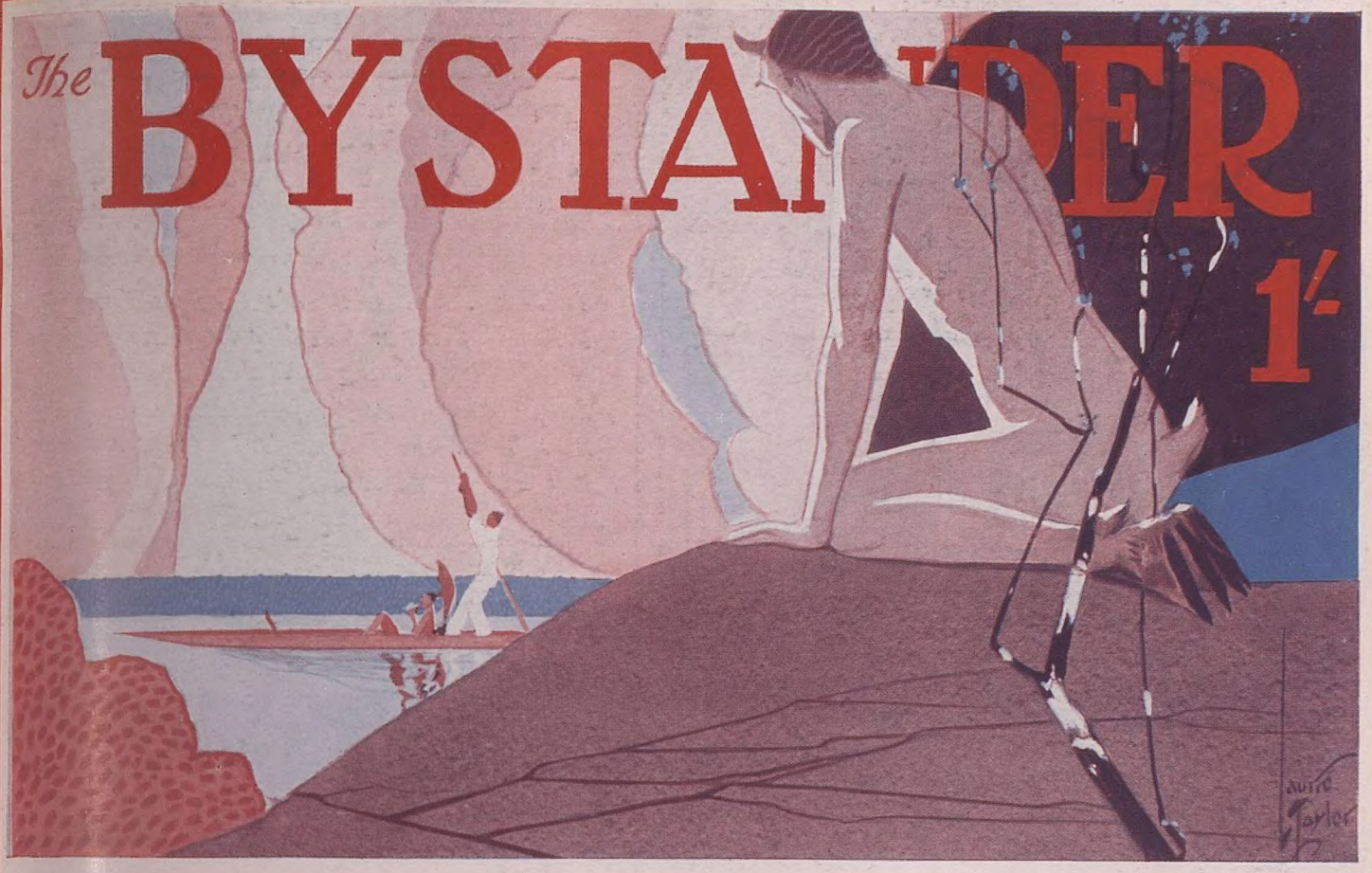
"THE TYRANNY OF PARIS": by LADY PEACOCK



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The Bystander, May 22, 1929 No. 1327. Vol. CII

The BYSTANDER

BYSTANDER *Exclusive Colour Photograph* *Raphael*

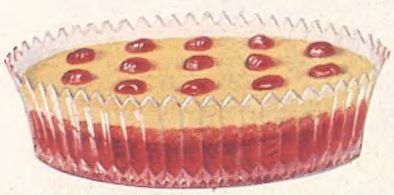
MISS MARJORIE ROACH

The beautiful Irish film actress who played the vamp in the screen version of "The Crooked Billet" opposite Miles Mander and Carlyle Blackwell. Miss Roach has sat to many famous artists

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLY DELIGHTS

RASPBERRY JELLY DESSERT

Required: 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly; 1 small tin apricots or other fruit; 1 tablespoon shredded pistachios and almonds. Dissolve jelly in ¾ pint hot water, allow to cool. Decorate wet border mould (pint size) with fruit and nuts; pour in a little jelly. When set, add another layer fruit and nuts, then another layer jelly. Repeat till full. When set, turn out and garnish top with fruit, whipped cream or any surplus jelly, whipped. Garnish with nuts.



MACAROON TRIFLE.

Place 6 almond or cokernut macaroons (whole) and 12 ratafias (crushed) in glass dish. Pour on 1 Rowntree's Raspberry or Strawberry Jelly dissolved in ¾ pint hot water. Allow to set. For custard: beat 1 egg with 2 tablespoons sugar, add 1½ gills hot milk, reheat for 2 or 3 minutes (do not boil). When cool, pour on to the jelly; decorate with glacé cherries.

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In 10 Varieties

COFFEE CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

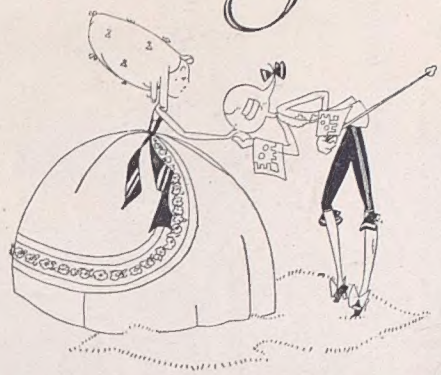
Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Vanilla Jelly in ¾ pint hot water with ¾ pint strained coffee added. Beat 1 egg with 1 oz. sugar; add ½ pint warm milk; stir over gentle heat till thickened. Allow both to cool, then add jelly gently to custard. Mix thoroughly. Line russe mould with jelly; line with sponge fingers tightly packed; fill up mould with coffee cream; leave to set.

CHILDREN'S DELIGHT.

One Rowntree's Jelly (any flavour); few chopped almonds. Dissolve the jelly in half-pint hot water, and pour into a small flat tin about half to one inch deep. Sprinkle almonds on the top. When set, turn out on to wet grease-proof paper, cut into small squares, using a knife dipped into hot water. Serve on fancy dish.

Pint 4½D. packet

The Passing Hour



A Charming Thought

It must certainly have been the Duchess of York's idea. When the Duke and Duchess are at Edinburgh this week they will have as members of their suite, while they are at the Palace of Holyrood for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Lady Victoria Haig and her *fiancé*, Mr. Claud Montagu-Douglas-Scott. It is a charming thought that the engaged couple should thus have a good opportunity of seeing each other while engaged upon their duties. Lady Victoria Haig, the late Field-Marshal Haig's second daughter, will be one of the Duchess's Maids of Honour, and Mr. Montagu-Douglas-Scott one of the Duke's Aides-de-camp. Incidentally, the Royal brothers have an occupied time before them during the next few days. The Prince of Wales has to go to Nottingham on Friday to open the new Exchange Hall and attend the Agricultural Society Show—an important event up there—and with the opening of the Chelsea Flower Show and the Royal Tournament at Olympia both his and the Duke and Duchess of York's presence will be in constant demand. Saturday is the Queen's birthday, so it is probable that the three Princes will make their way to Windsor to dine.

Oyez! Oyez! How the Proclamation of the Dissolution of Parliament appears to the visible eye. The City Remembrancer seen at the Royal Exchange

Assuming Man's Estate

The end of the month will see that sleepy, picturesque old town of Arundel whipped into such excitement as overtook it in feudal times when the marriages of my lords of Arundel or their Graces of Norfolk brought free sack and joyous carousing to the townsfolk. The occasion that is shortly to overtake them is for no marriage, though surely that will follow at some time, but for the coming-of-age of the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Earl of Surrey, Earl of Norfolk, Baron Maltravers, Baron FitzAlan, Baron Clun, Baron Oswaldestre, Premier Duke, Earl Marshal and Hereditary Earl Marshal of England and Chief Butler of England, all being one and the same person in the young and still somewhat reserved personality of the Duke of Norfolk. He is the 16th Duke in the line descended from that militant Yorkist, Sir John Howard, who died on Bosworth Field, not like others of the present Duke's predecessors, who finished with their heads on the block for the not always good and sufficient reason of high treason.

The celebrations of this twenty-first birthday will be a gala day in the lives of the monks and nuns who occupy various monasteries and a convent in the vicinity, for the Howards were ever most good and militant of Catholics. They have never relinquished their faith during the bitterer periods of religious persecution in the past when, shall we say, the eternal scales were almost balanced for the heavy score registered by the hard hitters of the Inquisition. Mass will be celebrated in the Castle, and the Duke will be one of the four canopy bearers of the Host.

"WHICH?"—ANOTHER PROBLEM PICTURE

A new "voteress" seeking inspiration from satirical models of the three Party leaders

Photopress

Alfred the Great at Arundel

IN those apocryphal books of suitable bachelors, said to be compiled by the ambitious mother anxious to secure her daughter's future with that of wealth and titular distinction, the young Duke would be written down as of one of the most eligible *partis*. The chatelaine of Arundel Castle, even amidst democracy, is possessed of indubitable advantages, but that she would direct and control the fortune and estates with the firmness and ability of the present Dowager Duchess would be surprising. The castle is one of the most beautiful in England, and from some angles closely resembles that of Windsor. Enormous reconstruction was undertaken by the late Duke, which cost £1,000,000, an indirect result of its brusque treatment by Royalists and Roundheads. Its chief features are two round towers and a magnificent staircase lined with rare marbles, while in the Baron's Hall, where dancing will no doubt continue the celebrations into the night, one might spend some weeks in instructive contemplation of the heraldic windows. Alfred the Great, by the way, originally owned Arundel Castle, so those mythical cakes may well have been baked nearby! He bequeathed it to his nephew Athelm the Knave. But the ancestral home of the Howards is some recommendation of the advantages to be gained in feudal days. One hopes it will never be sold to America!

Keystone

Mrs. S. Walton, of Lowestoft, a competitor in the Women's Open Golf Championship at St. Andrews. Her sleeveless pullover afforded great freedom of action

SOME COMPETITORS IN THE WOM

Keystone

Miss Glenna Collett, the American Champion, who was among the prominent competitors in the Women's Open Golf Championship

L.N.A.

Miss M. Hamilton, of Parkstone, wearing a jumper embroidered with a large black cat. It brought her luck only in the opening round

A general view of the first tee at St. Andrews is seen during

Saving the Countryside

CELEBRATIONS at Arundel will almost coincide with celebrations of another sort at Whipsnade, on the Chilterns. The conscienceless behaviour of builders to-day, throwing up architectural travesties which they are proud to describe as "delectable bijou residences," and of garage and refreshment proprietors who make a nightmare of the countryside with petrol pumps and "chalets," make necessary an almost constant appeal to the public for endowment funds to preserve the country's beauty spots. Whipsnade was threatened with the likelihood of these bungaloid growths and unsightly buildings, but it has been saved by the National Trust, and on June 1 "The Whipsnade Games" are being organised to secure sufficient funds to form an endowment fund. Lady Bailey, the famous airwoman, will open the event, and motors and aeroplanes, together with more natural sports, will provide entertainments for the cause for one shilling a ticket.

Tennis Courts in Mayfair

LAWN tennis has returned—if it ever went away—and with the arrival of the London and suburban tournaments even Wimbledon does not seem so far away. Players seem to be hurrying to Court in such profusion that one almost wonders if the Selection Committee will not make it a necessary qualification that entrants must be presented before being eligible for

EN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT ST. ANDREWS

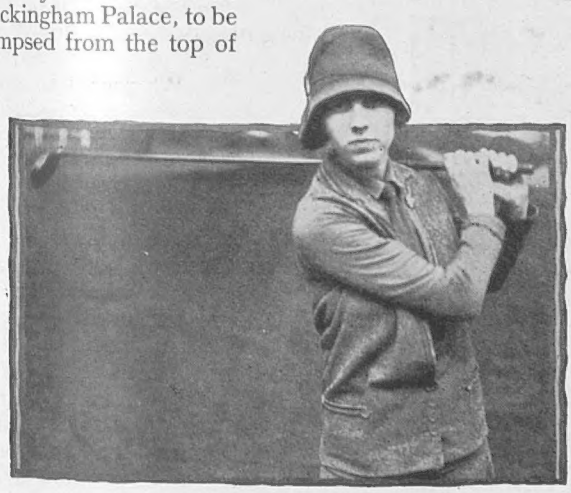
Sport and General

s Open Golf Championship. Miss Joyce Wethered
nd match

the Championships! Alas! that none of our players looks in the least likely to overtake the French or Americans, and Miss Helen Wills will no doubt knock all our local champions off their feet. Tucked away in the grounds of many Mayfair houses there are laid tennis courts. The Duke of Sutherland has a court at Hampden House, in Green Street, and when the Duchess is in London she uses it frequently. Lady Ancaster, at Eresby House, in Rutland Gate, has another, while in the grounds of Lady Wavertree's house there are two. There is a court just beyond the lake at Buckingham Palace, to be glimpsed from the top of the 'buses as they pass down Grosvenor Crescent. Nobody ever seems to play on it, though recently the surface was relaid and changed from red to green. The Duke of York, who played at Wimbledon with Wing-Commander Louis Greig, is a keen player and has the advantage over his opponents of being a left-handed player.

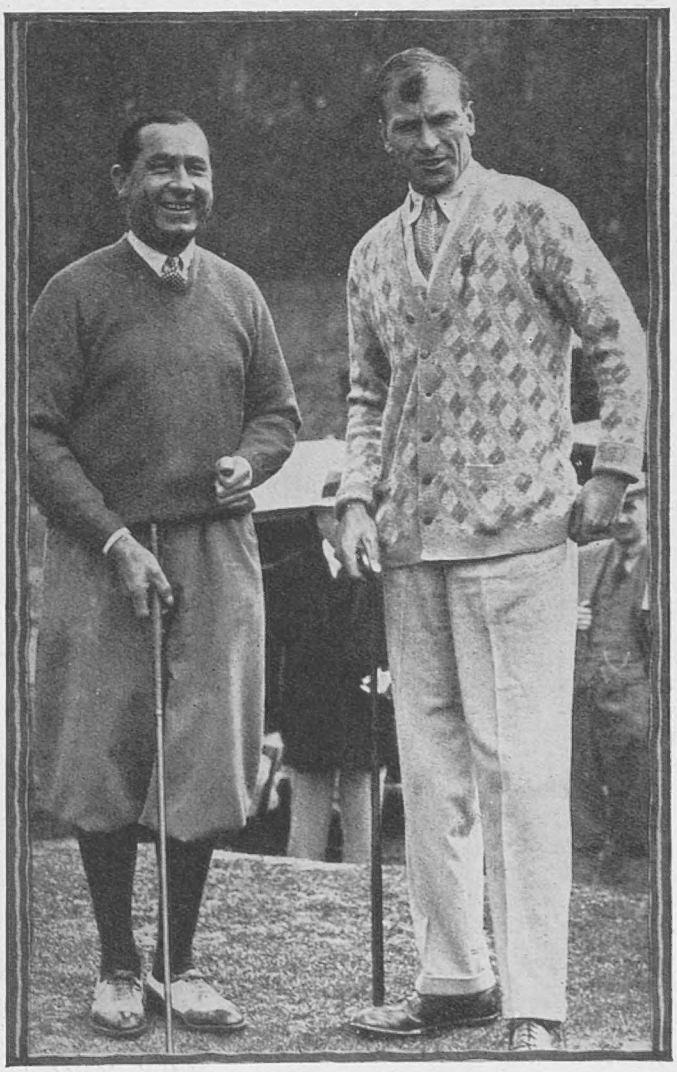
The Cabinet Shuffle

THERE is so much political gossip about the reshuffling of the Cabinet if the Conservatives are returned at the Election that the Ministers themselves hardly know where they are. Sir William Joynson-Hicks told a friend of mine the other day that he really didn't know whether the Prime Minister intended him to keep his portfolio or offer him a peerage! Amidst the rumours I have heard one that promotes Sir William Mitchell-Thomson to the Cabinet, and, however idle the suggestion, there seems to be some reason to combat it. It may not entirely be Sir William's fault, but as Postmaster-General he must suffer in the general complaint that never has the Post Office been more inefficient and unadaptable to contemporary business progress than now. The Committee appointed last year to inquire into Post Office methods, and consisting of such pre-eminent business men as Lord Ashfield, Sir Hardman Lever, and Sir Harry McGowan, condemned it for its inertia and the lack of resiliency essential to commercial enterprise, and they emphasised the decrepitude and redundancy of much of its staff. In short, a complete condemnation of bureaucratic control and State ownership. That is not all Sir William's fault; he suffers from the legacy of the past, but in only one trivial respect has the recommendations of that Committee been observed. If Sir William cannot make a success as a Minister not in the Cabinet, it is a little difficult to see what great success would attend



Wide World Photo

A "close-up" of Miss Joyce Wethered, one of the British hopes in the Women's Open Golf Championship. After a three years' absence she returned to the lists, where she showed that her game had improved vastly in the interval



L.N.A.

Walter Hagen, the American holder of the British Open Championship, and Archie Compston, of Coombe Hill, who will play a return challenge match over 36 holes at Moor Park on May 31. Last year, in a match played over 72 holes on the same course, Compston won 18 and 17

THE PREMIER AND THE TELEPHONES

Dorothy Wilding

MISS AGNES HAMMOND

Who with her sister, Miss Gwendoline Hammond, are among the Season's debutantes. They are the elder daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hammond, of Banff, Canada, and are staying for the Season at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, with Mary Countess of Clancarty

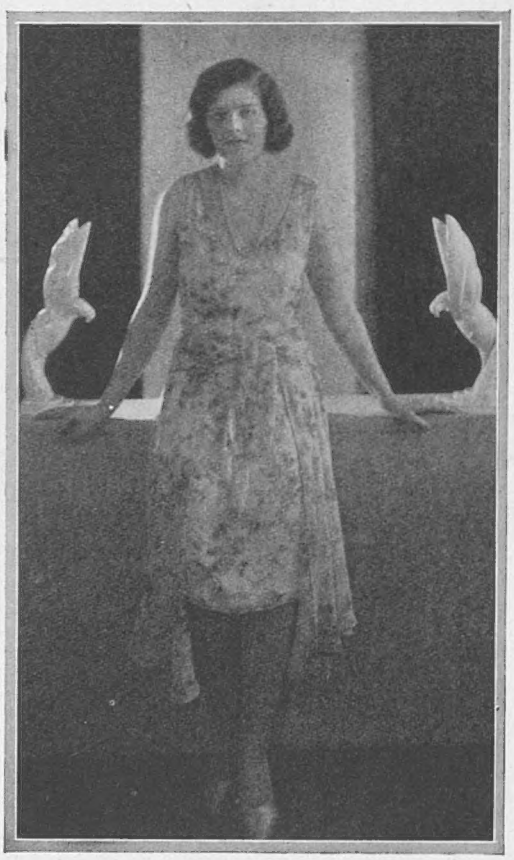
his promotion to the conclaves of Downing Street.

The Unfortunate Whipping-boy

MR. BALDWIN, while upon this subject of State control, recently had a great opportunity of condemning it. Instead he preferred to make Lord Wolmer a whipping-boy for declaring that under individual control the Post Office would pay. The Premier should have seized the chance to endorse that opinion and defeat the Socialist conception of a State-controlled country by confessing the failure of our Post Office, for the fact that it is a Government monopoly is no responsibility of the Conservatives. We have to thank the little Liberals for taking over the telephone, but if we cannot escape its manifold faults let someone be appointed who will at least attempt to minimise them.

A Hog-hunter's Dinner

AN event that will stir the imagination of all good horsemen will be the Hog-hunters' Dinner, to be held at the Savoy on June 13, at which the Prince of Wales is coming as the guest of honour. It is to be a reunion of all those who have hunted that very dangerous and savage beast, the wild boar, and of those who have ridden in that hectic contest, the Kadir Cup, which is the pig-sticking "Blue Ribbon" of India. The Kadir Cup has been very justly described as the roughest ride in the world, and the Prince of Wales, when he was in India in 1921-1922, rode the winner of the Point-to-Point which follows the Kadir on a horse he had never seen before, which was a fine performance. So far a very good response has been made to the announcement. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is patron of the dinner, and will be present if possible. Lt.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell is chairman of the committee, and, as most people know, a past winner of the Kadir Cup in the days when he was in the 5th Dragoon Guards. It was with this regiment that the Duke of Connaught, when he was Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, had his first experience of pig-sticking in India. As it is the first gathering of this description ever held, it ought to be a memorable assembly, both of the grizzled veterans of the past and those who are in their prime, as it is expected that a large number of those who are competing in this year's Kadir will be home in time to attend the dinner. Particulars and applications can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Hog-hunters' Dinner, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.



Yevonde

LADY MARY LINDSAY

The fourth daughter of the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, who is among the Season's debutantes. She was presented at the first Court by her mother

Dorothy Wilding

MISS GWENDOLINE HAMMOND

Who is the sister of Miss Agnes Hammond, whose photograph appears on opposite side of this page. A dance is being given for them at Claridge's on June 17 by the Marchioness Townshend, of Raynham, and Mary Countess of Clancarty

The Curtain Falls

WITH the death of Mrs. Willie James our time comes to be further removed from that brilliant and decorative Edwardian era, to which we now pay compliment by a return to their fashions—at least on the stage. I have often wondered if Mrs. Willie James had ever been persuaded by circumstances or intention to adopt the theatre as a livelihood if we should have heard so much of Lily Langtry. Perhaps that is unfair; both women possessed in eminent degree that wit and character without which beauty is an unavailing claim upon our memories.

Daughter of the late Sir Charles Forbes, she had all the Scots'

Marian Lewis

MRS. RICHARD BARING

The beautiful wife of Mr. Richard Baring, a member of the famous banking house the head of which, Lord Revelstoke, died recently. She is the niece of Lord George Dundas, the well-known racehorse trainer

POLITE PARTY POLITICS

MISS ANGELA DUGGAN *Lenare*

The daughter of Mr. Julian Duggan, of the Argentine Legation, and Mrs. Duggan, whose engagement to Mr. James Hennessy, of the Grenadier Guards, has been announced. Her fiancé is the elder son of Sir George Hennessy, Bart., O.B.E., the Treasurer of His Majesty's Household, and of Lady Hennessy. Miss Duggan is the niece of the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston

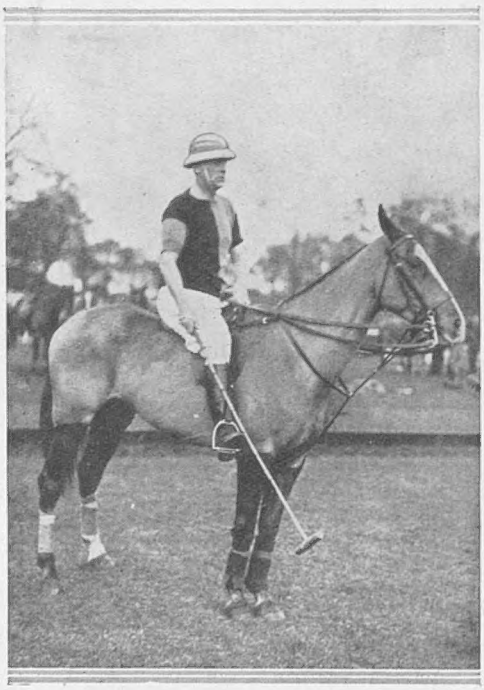
WHEN "DIAMONDS" ARE TRUMPS: ACT I — *Topic*

Members of the company of "The Five O'Clock Girl" sallying forth to battle in full war paint at the opening of the baseball season at Stamford Bridge. They are seen with Ernest Treux, who undertook the arduous rôle of coach for "positively one performance only"

humour—yes, they do have some!—and all their semi-Gaelic vitality, and she had one more of their virtues in her loyalty to friends, maybe, the greatest virtue of all. It was her gift of witty narrative that first attracted King Edward, and this conversational liveliness made her pre-eminent among an era not unrenowned for brilliant hostesses. I met her only once, but although the years had taken the toll of youth one capitulated to her charm, and she had that subtle flattery of implying that your name conveyed some distant association. Modern hostesses have the habit of meeting you and dismissing you in the same glance. It is but one slight factor that removes them from the great personalities of the past.

A Poverty of Politics

IF the political temperature remains as unmoved as at the hustings debate between Sir William Joynson-Hicks and Mr. J. H. Thomas at the Albert Hall last week the Election should be a most orderly affair. The hustings, one of many arranged by the *Daily Express*, provided none of the combat associated with tradition, and the most



British Illustrations

Left: Colonel A. B. Reynolds, who played for the Chinchillas against the Traillers in the semi-final round of the Ranelagh Handicap Challenge Cup. Right: The game in progress. The Chinchillas, who received 3½, were beaten by 12 goals to 4½ by the Traillers, who later beat the Swallows in the Final

AMBER IN BURLINGTON HOUSE

— ACT II I.B.

A "striking" scene during the course of the sporting play, "Baseball Belles," staged at Stamford Bridge to mark the opening of the baseball season. Many of the ladies from "The Five O'Clock Girl," who formed the teams, scored pronounced hits

dramatic moment was when the Home Secretary walked up the aisle, as it were, to take his place on the platform illuminated by a spot-light and heralded by a rather uncertain flare of trumpet.

In morning coat and stock-high collar he looked remarkably episcopal, and at the end of his speech, an outline and justification of the Conservatives' past, one would have felt no surprise had he concluded "We will now sing Hymn 4069." Mr. Thomas was more effective. In his slow and forceful enunciation, with H's cast to the winds, and a deep and resonant accent, there was hope that some idea of Labour's policy might be conveyed, but both speakers, despite vigorous promptings from the audience, scrupulously avoided committing themselves. One had to be content with the promise of a future Tory Government doing no more than they had done, and of Labour asserting its customary contradiction. But Mr. Thomas bound himself to no pledges, and one had to be content with the Socialist visions of Nationalisation. The fact is that Mr. Thomas isn't the Labour Party; and considering the faction within their ranks one can quite justly ask who is? The best repartée of the evening came from a man in the gallery. "Can Mr. Thomas produce the rabbit out of his hat?" asked Sir William. "Or Mr. Lloyd George?" Came a cry, "Yes, the Welsh rabbit!" which resounded through the hall.

Amber in Art

SCULPTORS have employed many media for the expression of their art, but I believe I am correct in saying that amber has not found a place in the Royal Academy before this year. In the present exhibition, however, amber is included, for in the Sculpture Section I came across an attractive little statuette of St. Michael and the Dragon which has been executed in this stone—or, to be correct, fossil resin. It is the work of Mr. Reco Capey, who is not only an able sculptor, but combines with his duties at the Royal College of Art the post of art adviser to Yardley's, the lavender people.

Grove and Boulton

The Hon. Anne Coventry, the eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Deerhurst, after a miniature. The portrait is the work of Miss Nellie M. Hepburn Edmunds, and is in this year's Royal Academy

MISS ENID WATSON *Lenare*

The younger daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh and Lady Watson, of 40, Cadogan Square, S.W. She is to marry Capt. Derek Alexander Duncan Fraser, of the Gordon Highlanders

Proof Positive

JUST to satisfy my curiosity and to make sure that it really was amber, I examined the statuette with a Sherlock Holmes-like care, and my investigations were rewarded. "Look at St. Michael's chest, and tell me what you see there," I said to my companion. "Well, it looks as though there was a tiny fly embedded there," he answered cautiously. "The fly in the amber! I have brought the case to a satisfactory conclusion. This, my dear Watson, is proof positive!" I exclaimed, and stalked majestically into the sunlit courtyard leading to Piccadilly.

PONY RACING AT NORTHOLT PARK

Pacific and Atlantic

Middleton, the delightful house at Sunningdale owned by Capt. Wavel Paxton. The Prince of Wales has again taken this house, which is close to the famous links, for May, June and July

London's Latest Sport

I WENT down to Northolt Park, near Harrow, last week to take a look at the new trotting course which has been opened there, and I was certainly impressed by the size and sumptuousness of the place. Something like a quarter of a million pounds has been spent on its construction and equipment, there being no fewer than five large covered stands which provide shelter and an absolutely unobstructed view of the whole course for upwards of ten thousand spectators, and popular prices for all parts are the order of the day, whilst a car park is provided for six thousand cars.

Protecting the Sport

FOR many years pony racing had been under a cloud in this country owing to there being no authoritative controlling body to keep the racing on straight and clean lines. Recently, however, the Pony Turf Club has been formed, with Viscount Lascelles, Lord Carnarvon, Sir William Bass, Major R. G. Alexander, Major-General C. L. Gregory, and Major F. Stapleton Bretherton as Stewards to control the sport. It has drawn up a code of rules, which are even more stringent than those of the Jockey Club, and henceforth all pony racing will be under its complete control, so that any form of doubtful methods or sharp practice will be absolutely out of the question in the future, and good, clean sport will be ensured at all meetings which take place under the auspices of the newly-formed Pony Turf Club.

L.N.A.

"FISHERMAN AND NYMPH"

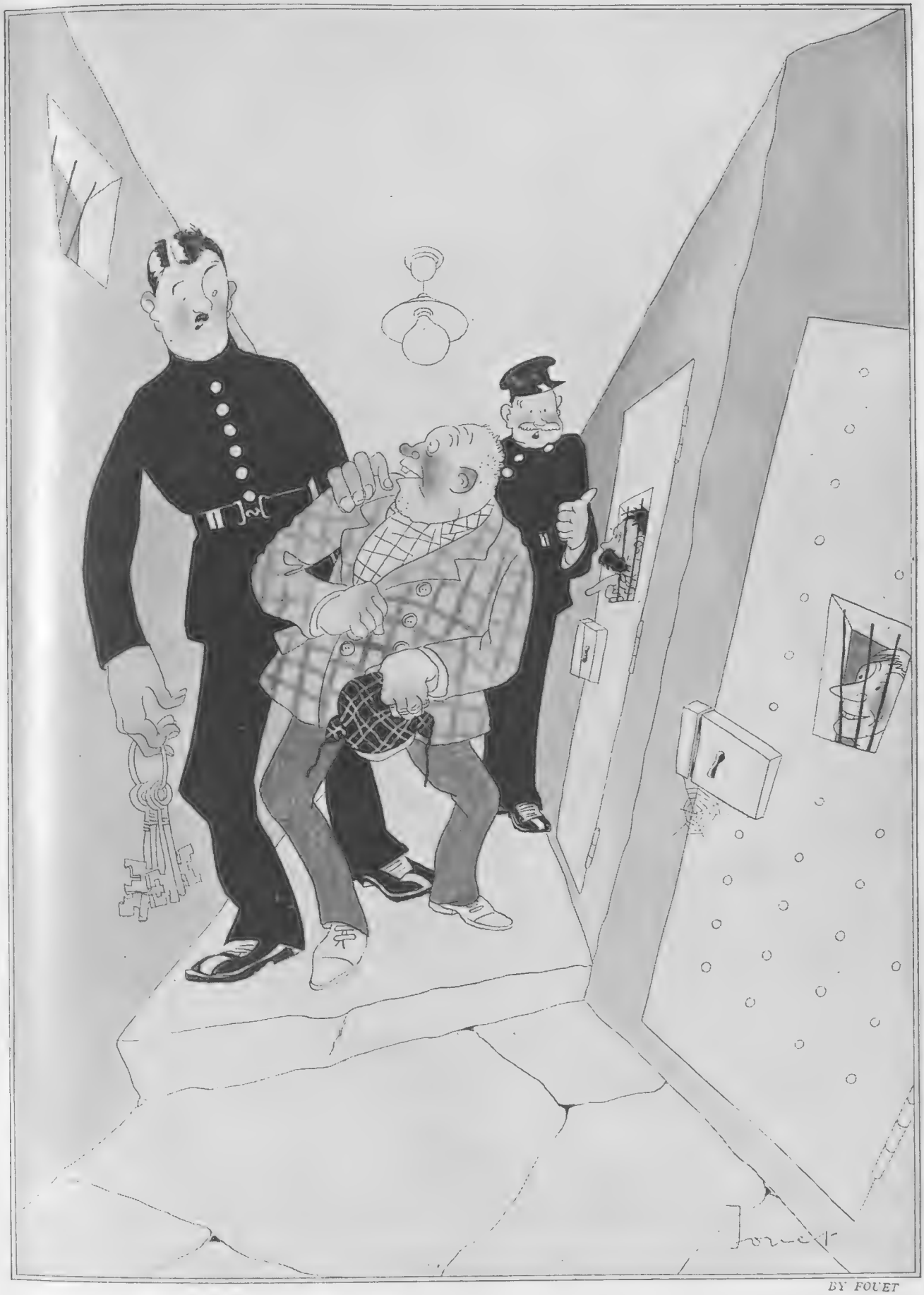
This delightful work by Mr. P. G. Bentham is to be seen at the North-East Coast Exhibition at Newcastle, recently opened by the Prince of Wales. It is the main figure in the Empire Garden outside the Empire Marketing Board Pavilion

Future Arrangements

SOME twenty-five or more meetings have been arranged to take place during the six months from May to October, and in the midsummer months evening meetings will be a feature of the arrangements. The first meeting, which was held on Whit Saturday and Whit Monday, saw some hundred and eighty ponies entered for the various events, and, judging by the good attendances on both days, it certainly looks as though this sport, of which London has seen all too little in recent years, will enjoy a great popularity with all classes. Indeed, the Prince of Wales, who has expressed a personal interest in pony racing, has promised to be present one evening at Northolt Park when his engagements will permit of him so doing, and the success of the enterprise is already assured.

THE BYSTANDER.

HAPPY MEMORIES



BY FOUET

YOUNG GAOLER: *"Mind that step"*
OLD OFFENDER: *"Garn! I fell over that there step afore you was born!"*

What I Know About

By ETHEL

ONCE, in a moment of youthful gaiety, I wrote that Eve handed Adam an apple in the Garden of Eden and has been handing him a lemon ever since. Having now reached years of discretion I am inclined to revise this view, for it would seem that, after all, it has been man who has been handing woman the lemon down through the centuries—probably in revenge for that Garden of Eden episode, out of which he can scarcely be said to have emerged very brilliantly. I am brought to this view by the mournful reflection which ultimately comes to every woman, however great her optimism, that the best lovers usually make the worst husbands.

IN America, apparently, they give up the struggle after a couple of years—Gloria Swanson, in fact, says, "almost as soon as they are married," with the result that "half the women of America are sex-starved." Beverley Nichols, surveying the American matrimonial situation as dispassionately as only a young man who has frankly asked in print, "What could a wife do for me?" declares that "the American husband is like a soldier who is admirable in assault but is unable to conduct a lengthy siege. During the first year or two of marriage he is wearisomely adoring. . . . And then he cools off with unexampled rapidity. He takes his eyes off his wife and fixes them on his office. He takes his intelligence back into his own hands and moulds it to the service of a career."

By Mundo

"There is a possessive, egotistical quality in the male make-up"

BRITISH husbands do better than this, anyhow, probably because in the lists of love they never surrender their intelligence, and the fact that British wives never expect to be adored helps considerably. The man's realisation of his inability to continue in the *rôle* of lover hurts him far more than his wife. She has always been prepared for it. She does not make the sharp—almost brutal—differentiation between husbands and lovers that comes naturally to the Frenchwoman, but she has a gift for accepting the inevitable—even before it happens. She is, in fact, a much more reasonable creature than she is commonly given credit for. That pronounced streak of common-sense in her, which counter-balances the incorrigible romanticism of man, stands her in good stead. She realises what man seems incapable of realising, that rates and taxes *plus* school fees, *plus* housekeeping expenses, *plus* dressmakers' bills, make it impossible for any man to stay the course as romantic lover; at worst he becomes disgruntled husband; at best a philosophic one. And then also—love is the *apéritif* of life; it is absurd to try to make it the staple diet; one simply achieves spiritual indigestion. Which means, so far as happiness in marriage is concerned, that one gives neither oneself nor one's partner a chance.

IT is quite inevitable that the best lover should make the worst husband—that is to say, using the term in its meaning as that of failing to sustain in marriage the *rôle* of lover. It is inevitable because the more sensitive and imaginative one's love, the more easily it is bruised, just as the finest china cracks more easily than the roughest crockery. Those qualities of sensitiveness and imagination which are charming in a lover can be quite distracting in a husband—for consider them brought into contact with the realities of life on those mornings when you know that you have mislaid your

MEN: Husbands and Lovers

MANNIN

sex-appeal, and the cook has given notice, and the parlour-maid been very nearly impertinent, *plus* the fact that you forgot to send his dress-suit to the valeting service people in time for it to be returned for to-night's dinner-party at the Smythe-Brownes. . . . It is in just such circumstances as these—which all married people will recognise as having been drawn *après la vie*—that he who made so dull and stodgy and unromantic a lover, shines as a husband; because he has never really noticed your sex-appeal he does not notice its absence now; he is sympathetic about the servants and has no compunction about boiling his own breakfast egg and bringing you up a cup of tea in bed; he is prepared to speak sharply to the erring parlour-maid, and as to his evening clothes, why, bless your heart, he will wear a dinner-jacket . . . And you know by the manly expansion of strong he-man bosom so comfortingly presented to you that it is yours to cry weak, womanly tears on at will . . . He may have been a washout as a romantic lover, but as a good, hard-wearing husband he is a comfort in every home.

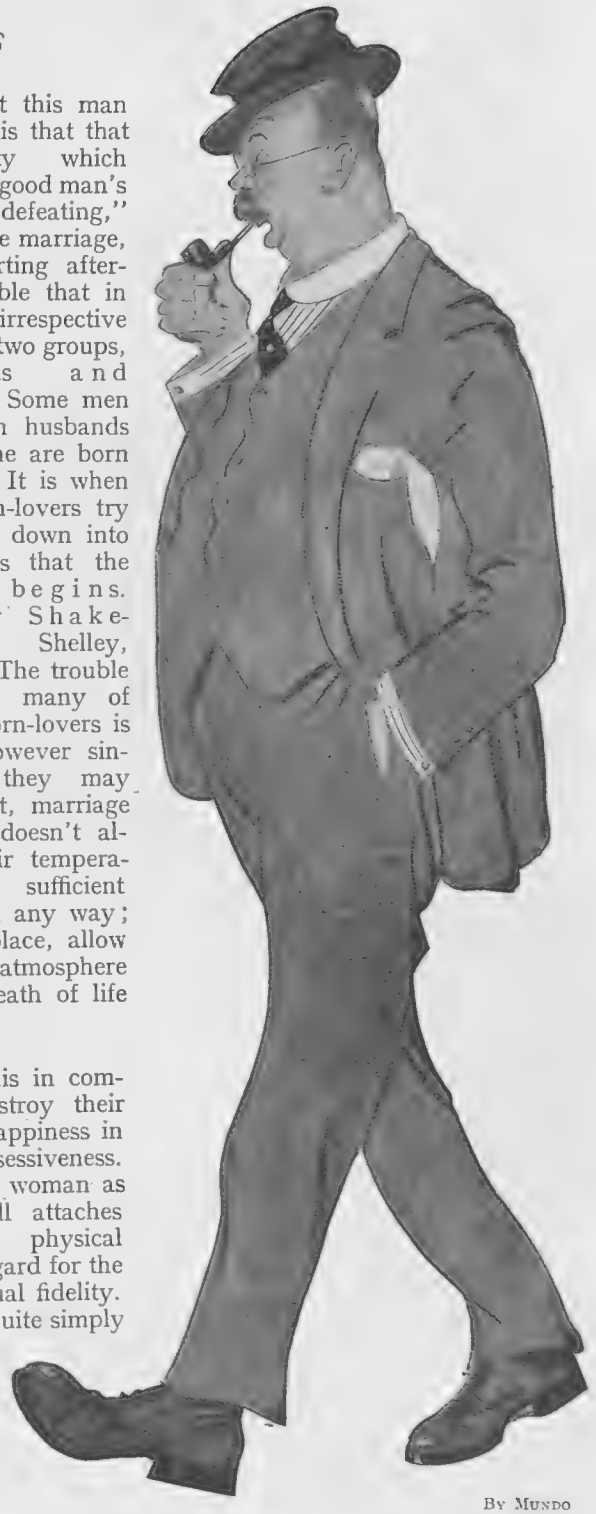
Vaughan & Freeman

A new portrait of Miss Ethel Mannin

You are overcome with remorse when you recall how his habit of calling you "little girl" during your engagement days maddened you; now it is the most comforting endearment in the world. On those mornings of mislaid sex-appeal and domestic troubles every woman yearns to be someone's little girl. . . Temperamental young romantic lover-husband would fly into a temper and leave you to weep those unbecoming tears into your own handkerchief; unromantic, heart-of-gold, hidden-depths he-man husband invites you to blow your nose if you like on his best silk breast-pocket handkerchief. . . It is undoubtedly in domestic crises such as these that the worst lovers who make the best husbands shine. As Lorelei ought to have remarked, lovers are all very well, but a nice kind husband lasts a lifetime.

The curious part about this man and woman business is that that old-fashioned commodity which Shakespeare has called "a good man's love" which can be "so defeating," as we say nowadays, before marriage, can be so vastly comforting afterwards. It may be possible that in the final analysis all men, irrespective of type, would divide into two groups, husbands and lovers. Some men are born husbands and some are born lovers. It is when the born-lovers try to settle down into husbands that the trouble begins. Consider Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron. The trouble with so many of these born-lovers is that, however sincerely they may start out, marriage simply doesn't allow their temperament sufficient scope in any way; it does not, in the first place, allow of a sufficiently romantic atmosphere—and romance is the breath of life to your born-lover.

But both types have this in common, tending to destroy their own and their partner's happiness in marriage—their male possessiveness. At heart man still regards woman as his "property"; he still attaches supreme importance to physical fidelity with supreme disregard for the equal importance of spiritual fidelity. When a woman loves she quite simply hasn't any pride. But a man always clings to his pride—even if it means sacrificing his love and happiness. He would be ashamed of his manhood if he did not insist on the preservation of his pride at all costs. It is not merely that woman has too much sense of humour to try to reconcile love and personal pride, it is that she has too much sense of life. She knows that where one loves one cannot intrude one's own egotism, for egotism is self-love, and cannot truly love another if one insists on loving oneself at the same time. The man who can love simply and humbly, without any pride at all, is very rare. There is a possessive, egotistical quality in the male make-up which resists this humility.



By Mundo

"He may have been a wash-out as a lover, but as a good, hard-wearing husband he is a comfort"

We have heard a great deal during the last decade concerning the social emancipation of women, but the moral emancipation of men is about due. It is time they revised their attitudes to love and marriage. But they never will, for they have all to lose and nothing to gain. Besides, it would be damaging to their vanity. They will always go on criticising and analysing women, but they would rather not hear—since it might be disconcerting—what woman know about men.

BRITAIN'S HOPES IN THE LAWN

Planet News

Miss Betty Nuthall, whose play is showing distinct signs of improvement this year. Her overhead service is now functioning well

Keystone

"Bunny" Austin's physique, which was none too good, has improved vastly since his world tour. His victory in the Hard Court Championships confirms his early promise

Miss Joan Ridley, who was the runner-up in the Hard Court Championships, is a vastly improved player. She beat Mrs. Shepherd - Barron in convincing style in the final of the Singles at Hurlingham, and won the Mixed with S. W. Harris

Keystone

Miss Eileen Bennett, seen with Miss Betty Nuthall, has been playing a good game of late, and was runner-up in the Singles at the Royal Botanic Society's Tournament

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1929

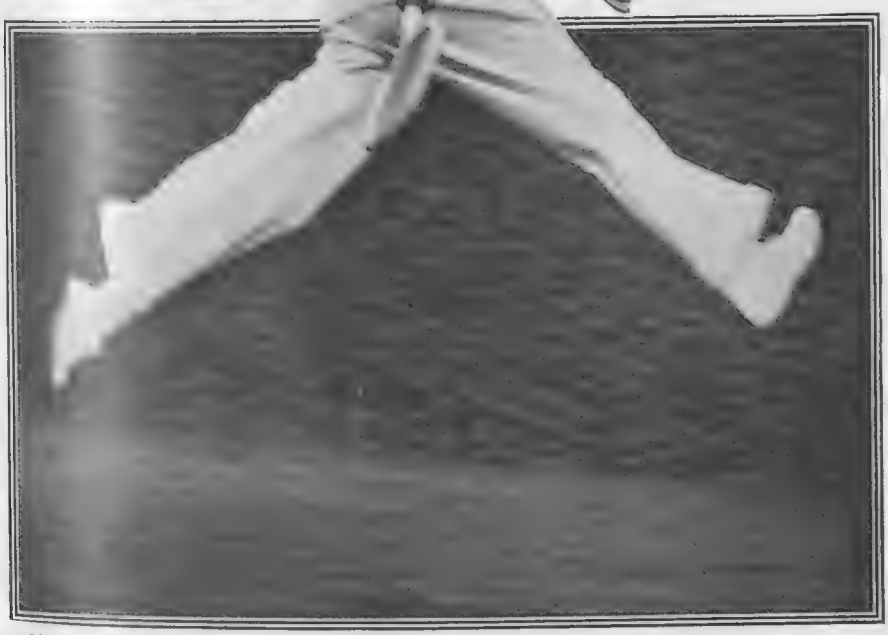
S. W. Harris, the South African-born player who is very difficult to beat. His recent successes include the winning of the Mixed Doubles at Hurlingham with Miss J. C. Ridley

Sport and General

C. G. Eames and G. R. O. Crole-Rees, our Davis Cup players, are also our best pair. They can be relied on to put up a hard fight against the foreign invaders

Topical

Helen Wills, the Champion. Can any British lady player take a set off her?



Photos *Sport and General*

G. P. Hughes, who represented England against Poland, has come to the fore rapidly. He started his tennis as a Public Parks player

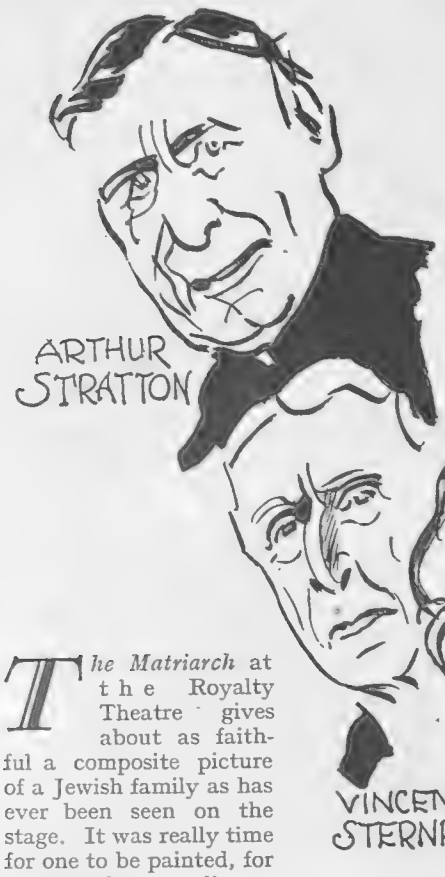
AT THE PLAY

SEMITES AND SCOTLA

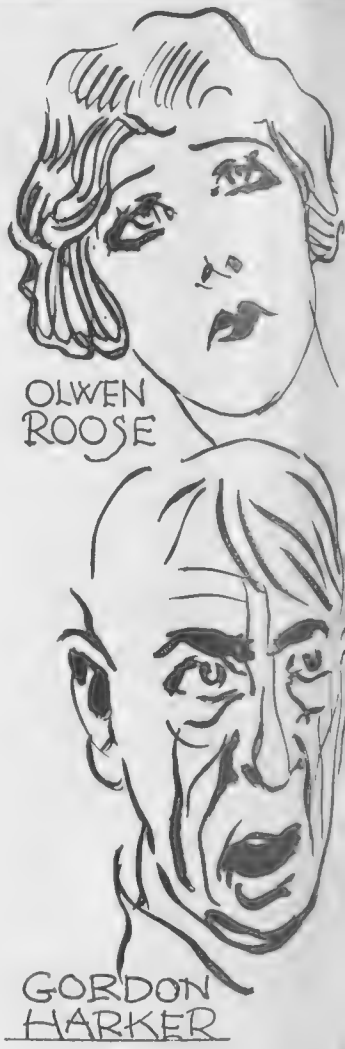
By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Illustrations of Edgar Wallace's "Information Received" at the Shaftesbury Theatre

By H. H. HARRIS



The Matriarch at the Royalty Theatre gives about as faithful a composite picture of a Jewish family as has ever been seen on the stage. It was really time for one to be painted, for too long have audiences suffered from the oft-repeated caricature of a figure wearing a bowler hat pressing on to his ears who, with waving palms, ejaculates, "Oi, oi, vot a game!" Instead of this usual stage presentiment G. B. Stern has given us a series of serious—but not unhumorous—Jewish portraits, truthfully observed, displaying the clannishness, love of family, fortitude, and respect for their elders which, to those who possess knowledge of many Jewish households, are revealed as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.



WERE I asked point-blank if *The Matriarch* were a first-class play I should hesitate to reply in the affirmative. Adapting a novel for the stage is always the dickens of a business. The novel is designed for a bigger canvas; the unities need not be preserved, and within four hundred pages or thereabouts a character can be depicted from the cradle to the grave. G. B. Stern has made out of her novel "Tents of Israel," *The Matriarch*, and from the novel much has had to be eliminated, but, thanks to Frank Vernon, who not only helped the author with the scenario, but produced this play with great cleverness, and the author's own gift for depicting clear-cut character and uniting incisive dialogue we get something better than a well-made play—we get a real slice—or rather slices—of life, for the action is somewhat episodic.

THOSE who have read the novel will remember that the story deals with the fortunes of the Rakonitz family, dealers in precious stones, at whose head is the widow, Anastasia Rakonitz. She is a real character, superbly drawn by the author. Even when not visible her influence is felt, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in this part dominates as she ought to do.

I HAVE seen this actress in nearly every important play in which she has appeared. I saw her electrify an Adelphi audience in melodrama in quite a small part, but it was that part which secured her another in which she made her name. That part was Paula Tanqueray. I saw her Juliet—not quite so good—when Forbes-Robertson was the Romeo, and when everyone remarked what a fine Hamlet he would make! I saw her as Mrs. Ebbsmith, as Magda, as the Rat Wife in *Little Eyolf*, and in many other parts, but I have never seen her give a better performance than as Anastasia Rakonitz.

YARD

A scene from the Venturers' Society's production of "The Shanghai Gesture." This play, which was banned by the Censor, was presented at a Sunday performance and drew a large and distinguished audience to the Scala Theatre

STUDIES IN EXPRESSIONS IN "PERSONS UNKNOWN"

FROM the moment when she appears in the prologue to be deceived by a daughter who palms off on her an alleged grandson, who is not even Jewish by birth, till the end of the play, when, as an aged invalid, she dozes in a bath chair, dreaming of Ham—but not Shem or Japhet—she lives the part and makes us understand the power she is in the Rakonitz family. This performance, quite apart from the merits of the play, should draw all London to the Royalty Theatre.

IN a long cast, in addition to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, there is much good acting. Beatrix Thompson, for instance, as a granddaughter plays with power and intensity, and makes one realise that when her time comes she will follow in Anastasia's footsteps and become a Matriarch herself. Henry Hewett and Hugh Williams, as the only two Christians in the play, were both excellent, especially in a recognition scene in the last act, when the father discovers an illegitimate son, while a very dignified portrait of a middle-aged financier was given by Alexander Samer.

Information Received, at the Shaftesbury. This is a good Edgar Wallace with the "who did it" *motif* about the least interesting part of the play. What I enjoyed much more was the author's keen observation and humour, and the drawing of a really delightful wrong 'un who is suspected of a murder he never committed. This part is played by Gordon Harker, one of the best character actors of low-life parts I have ever seen.

DOROTHY BRANDON and Negley Parson, authors of *The Black Ace*, produced at the Globe Theatre, have attempted to make black, white! Anyway, thanks to a Wellsian scientist a negro's skin loses its ebony tone, and this bleaching of the colour bar helps him to become a rising member of the English one. Why, knowing the danger attached to the enterprise, he visited Alabama—where racial prejudice is strong—is difficult to understand, but not more difficult to understand than the mess the authors managed to make of their theme, which, starting quite well, deteriorated rapidly. Luckily there was Raymond Massey in the principal part to give a performance far better than the play, while Kenneth Kent seized his chances as a negro who combined an inordinate love for whisky with a gift for prophecy.

Taken big and large I doubt if *The Black Ace* was a particularly good card to play in London where the only black and white question which interests is "What's yours?"

PLAYS TO SEE

Harmless Fun. "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," at the New.

Musical Comedy. "Mr. Cinders," at the Adelphi.

Polished Satire. "By Candle Light," at the Criterion.

Sheer Fantasy. "Mary Rose," at the Haymarket.

Gripping Drama. "The Sacred Flame," at the Playhouse.

Song and Dance. "Wake Up And Dream," at the London Pavilion

Superb Spectacle. "Porgy," at His Majesty's.

Laughter and Tunes. "Funny Face," at the Winter Garden.

Sasha

MISS STEPHANIE STEPHENS

A recent photograph of the charming actress who is now appearing in "Morning, Noon and Night," the new revue at the Everyman Theatre. She is the daughter of "Pottinger" Stephens, who wrote several successful plays produced at the old Gaiety, and has been seen in many London productions and played the lead in Peter Pan when only fifteen years old.

TALK—TALK—TALKIES

By HANNEN SWAFFER

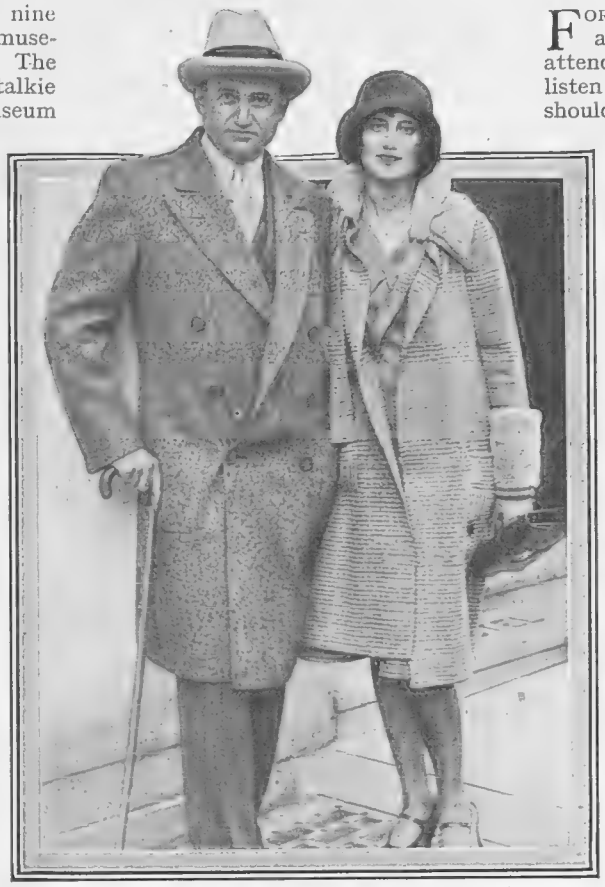
TALKIES are being shown in nine or ten of the largest amusement houses in London. The Capitol is closed while a talkie machine is being put in. The Coliseum and the Alhambra are being wired, and so are the Moss Empires up and down the country.

The Big Boom is well on its way. London's theatre managers are a year behind. They have been caught napping and they are finding no new English plays that will stem the talkie tide.

IN New York every theatre on Broadway is showing talkies—nineteen theatres, all in a row! In Forty-second Street, the main cross thoroughfare of New York, five of the largest theatres are showing talkies.

In London, already, Gerald du Maurier, "the acknowledged head of the acting profession," as he was described on the prospectus, and Basil Dean, "perhaps the leading producer in England," have formed a talkie company. Seymour Hicks has joined another. Walter Payne, the chairman of the West End Managers Association, is on the board of a third.

Monckton Hoffe is at Elstree, writing talkie dialogue. Frederick Lonsdale has been offered so much to go to Hollywood that, much as he hates it, he may have to go.



L.N.A.

Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, one of the "big noises"—in a financial sense—of the talkies, who recently visited London with his wife. He has expressed the view that England has a big chance to develop this new form of entertainment

FORTY of the leading dramatists and authors of England all attended a lunch a few days ago to listen to Basil Dean's plea that they should have their books and plays made into talkies by English directors and with Englishmen in the cast. Some of them have scores of books and plays to sell, each worth from £7,000 to £20,000.

Never was there such a new boom in any phase of amusement. It is not a craze; it is a panic. Yet how dreadful the voices are! Still, America got used to them, and so will England.

"When we made our first talkie," Jesse Lasky, one of the five Talkie Kings, told me, "people said it was dreadful. When we made our second talkie, people said it was dreadful. When we made our third talkie, it was just the same. I have never heard from a friend one word of praise of any talkie we have made. Yet when people go back and see a silent film they never want to see another."

"I KNEW the talkie would come when I saw the Shaw picture," I told Lasky. "There he was, making a speech, his real self."

"Supposing I made a film of H. G. Wells," replied Lasky. "Do you think I could stop the picture every time he waved his

A photograph taken at the luncheon held at the Savoy Hotel recently in connection with the opportunity Britain has to improve her position in the Talking Film world. Mr. Basil Dean, the theatrical producer, painted a most hopeful picture of the future success of this new industry in Great Britain

Anny Ondra, who is starring in the British International Talkie Picture "Blackmail." Alfred Hitchcock is responsible for the production

arms to throw, as a title, what he was saying on the screen? It is the same with the drama. You cannot stop a tense situation to let people read the words of dialogue. A talkie builds up action. A movie stops it."

ONE of the troubles is the laughs. Some of you may remember S. Jay Kauffman, who used to manage the Crabtree Club in Soho just before the War. He went to America, wrote gossip for the *New York Globe*, and is now back staying at the Carlton, a talkie director.

"How long the public will laugh at a joke, we never know," he said. "In Glasgow they laugh 'Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha.' In Manchester they laugh 'Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha.' In Birmingham they laugh 'Ha, Ha, Ha.' In London they laugh 'Ha.' If they laugh too long it kills a scene. If they don't laugh, and the talkie waits for them, there is a blank."

YOU may remember Walter Wanger, too. He was over here five years ago, the pioneer of films in big theatres. He took Covent Garden and ran it at a heavy loss. It was too big, they said. When he came back the other day he saw that half a dozen of the largest amusement places in London were crowded picture theatres. He is now Jesse Lasky's right-hand man.

"We have got twelve stage directors working for us," he said, "and in the next year we are making no fewer than seventy talking pictures, plays of every kind."

He was dressing at Claridge's when I called on him. He looked wonderingly at my old clothes.

"I cannot afford to dress like you Americans," I said. "Don't stare at me."

"We have come to England to study antiques," replied Walter.

Then, thinking back to the days when we used to argue about how cornet players and pants-pressers and men who had started life cleaning lice from furs were now kings of the movie industry, he said, "You mustn't call them pants-pressers now."

I looked at my trousers and thought one would come in handy.

WE have had Harry Warner, Jesse Lasky, and Sam Goldwyn here in the last few weeks, Warner full of stories about how he and his three brothers ruined themselves gambling with the first talkie plant.

"I am a rich man," said Jack Warner during the earlier days of their fight to put talkies on the map. You must remember that for a whole year they did not sell one picture. "When I came to California I had 300 dollars. Now I owe 3,000,000 dollars."

That was what he called wealth.

I DON'T wonder that all London's actors and actresses dream of talkies all night, and talk about them all day.

James Whale, almost unrecognised here, went to New York to stage *Journey's End*, and signed a contract for £300 a week for a year as a talkie director. Ronald Colman is making more money than ever now the talkie has come.

"The two best talkie performances so far," Kauffman told me, "was Clive Brook's in *Interference* and Ian Hunter's in another picture. English voices are the best."

I DREAD the effect of the talkie on the theatre, not so much as a rival amusement as a rival buyer of brains. An author who makes £10,000 out of a play in London—that is, 10 per cent. on £2,000 a week for a year—is a very lucky man. Yet Bayard Veiller was paid £10,000 to go to Hollywood for a few weeks, just to supervise the talkie version of *The Trial of Mary Dugan*.

"Actors will be too tired to act at night when we have done with them," said a Talkie King to me.

That is, the stars. The stage has suffered, for years now, because young people have no longer said, "We want to go on the stage," but "We want to go on the movies." Now it is, "We want to go on the talkies."

HARRY WARNER, the first man in talkies, ignored the thing for weeks. His brother Sam, now dead, cabled him to see a new invention. Only insistent cables made him go. The first picture he saw was a man talking. He thought it was awful. Then, at the end, he heard a small orchestra play, and he bought the invention merely to use music on the screen and dispense with orchestras.

When *Rosenkavalier* was done at the Tivoli as a silent film the music was so difficult that Richard Strauss, who came to conduct the first night, had selected for him an orchestra of seventy Covent Garden and symphony musicians. After the first night the ordinary band could not play the music, and when the film went on tour other music had to be used!

IT is strange to see the London audiences at some talkies. During the trial scene in *The Letter* at the Plaza attendants had to ask the audience not to laugh. Mary Pickford's first talkie went wrong. When *Noah's Ark* was first seen there was a shriek when the hero said, "Why, you speak perfect English." It was *The Singing Fool* that put talkies on the map; it broke all the records and made England weep.

IN *The Broadway Melody* the plot, which was written by a young Englishman, Edmund Goulding, who was a butcher boy in Chelsea, has been modelled on the Duncan Sisters. The Duncans call each other "Jake" and "Hyme," and the clever one always pushes the pretty one forward. That is the story of *The Broadway Melody*, where one of the girls is called "Hank."

FOR good or ill, the talkies have come to stay. Within a few months, perhaps, Chaliapine will be singing *Boris Goudonov* in the smallest cinema in the furthest town. Half the vaudeville stars are now on the talkies, competing with themselves in vaudeville. Abe Lyman's Band has been a talkie at the Rialto when he was conducting in person at the Palladium.

Enormous fortunes wait for the stars, but as for the smaller people in the industry I pity their future. Crowds of them are no longer wanted.

THERE is one thing I pride myself on. I have made the world's worst talkie. They asked me to make a speech on the screen for the opening of the new Empire. They stood me on a small stage in the Park Lane Hotel, put hot lights all around me, told me I must not move an inch, made it horrible, and then wanted me to be funny.

I wasn't funny. I was tragic. I was awful. It lasted one night. They took my talkie off the very next day.

Be of good cheer, actors. I was worse than you could ever be! H. S.

MORE PURE CONVERSATIONS

BY FRANK FORD

"Well, have you made up your mind to stop in to-night?"
"No, dear, I've made up my face to go out"

if gossip we must

AT the present moment there is not one M.P., married, single, male, female, Conservative, Liberal, Communist, Independent, or merely imbecile, in the whole of the United Kingdom. Here is food for thought, and for comforting thought, too. You and I do not have to pay six hundred and fifteen people about £8 a week apiece. The country is going on quite peacefully; London has not suddenly become a Chicago or a Leningrad. But since May 10, when Parliament dissolved, no one has the right to put M.P. after his or her name. There was a wonderful moment in Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird* when Mytyl or Tyltyl, or somebody, said: "There is no death!" It was much in the same tone that I said, as May 11 dawned, "There are no M.P.s!" But there will be a lot of funny ones after May 30.

TO Lady Eleanor Smith I leave, of course, the job of pointing out why "The Broadway Melody" is, or is not, a good "talkie" film. I went to the midnight party at the Empire to celebrate the private view, or private hearing, of this much-discussed production. When the curtain fell on it I minded me of the story of the man who visited the Zoo and murmured as for the first time in his life he gazed on a giraffe, "I don't believe it!"

What I certainly do not believe is that the New York show world consists, on the distaff side, entirely of predatory blondes with voices like macaws.

IT was a relief, therefore, to adjourn to the foyer to consume openly that which in the great and free country where this masterpiece was conceived and executed has to be consumed in secret, and to meet blondes who, presumably, are not predatory and who do not in conversation give a fair imitation of an unintelligible parrot losing its temper through a megaphone.

Sir John and Lady Lavery—she is Titian-haired and not a blonde—came on from the Musicians' Benevolent Fund Dinner, at which Countess Russell, who wrote "Elizabeth and her German Garden," "The Caravaners," and "Christopher and Columbus," was a charming though inaudible chairman. They left early. Fred Terry, who is slimmer and looks far more fit than he has done for years, stayed on to the end. A few days before he had had some uncomplimentary things to say about the movies—the "talkie" make. It is doubtful whether "The Broadway Melody" will make him change his opinion.

BUT these things are with us, probably for ever, and will be so popular and profitable that I would suggest that opera, which limps along painfully and is always asking somebody's help, should adopt some of the "talkie" methods. A change of titles, and the adoption of Hollywooden rather than Wagnerian ones would, of course, help. What better name, for instance, for *Die Meister-*

Sport and

A scene at the recent Oxford University Freshmen's Hill Climb at Happy Valley. The hill was so steep that competitors had to be lowered to the bottom and no machine was able to climb it in the test

Janet Je...

Dorothy Seacombe, the charming young actress who is now appearing in "Merry Merry" at the Lyceum Theatre. She took up the part of Conchita at only a few days' notice, and has scored a big success in the part

OXFORD FINDS A NEW STUNT *Central News*

Oxford is not devoid of fire-breathers, especially when the Union meets, but it is also blessed with fire-fighters, and Balliol has its own undergraduate fire brigade. Mr. David Gordon, the Captain (right), is seen in earnest converse with one of his henchman, but whether they were discussing the best way to fight incendiarism or merely wondering if the daffodils need a little watering is not known

singer could there be than *That Bayreuth Melody? Parsifal* could be quite accurately described as *The Singing Fool,* for in the *libretto* he is "the blameless fool," and he certainly sings. Did not that decorative knight, Lohengrin, arrive in the nick of time, having just caught the 7.15 swan, to save Elsa from a peck of troubles and to marry her? What better name for this opera could there be, therefore, than *My Man!*?

The devastatingly popular "Sonny Boy" song could remain, of course, in the opera from which it was pinched—Gounod's *Faust.*

I CAN picture the state of indignation into which the Labour Party would virtuously lash itself were it to discover that either the Tory or the Liberal Party was in receipt of monetary grants for political purposes from America. I do not see what business America has, either as a State or individually, to interfere in so essentially a domestic affair of this country as a General Election; one is inured now to America's attitude of putting the whole world to rights, and protesting is a waste of breath. But the Socialist Party, which (*vide* Mr. Thomas's speeches) is now posing as primarily a patriotic party, should have thought twice about swelling its election fund with Yankee dollars. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will find that this acceptance is likely to have embarrassing developments. By the way, Mr. Bernhard Baron, the tobacco millionaire, has just given a sum of many thousands of pounds to the Labour Party, which is continually informing the world that the pennies of the poor working man form its ammunition at election times. I wonder whether Mr. Baron read that attack on tobacco in Labour's official organ, written by Hamilton Fyfe, who was editing it at the time. Mr. Baldwin came in for much castigation because he smokes a pipe, and Winston's cigars were held up as an example of Tory capitalism at its worst.

MORE AMERICAN INTERVENTION

MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY PRINSEP ("Bunny" Bannerman) are back in England again after their Antipodean travels. They stayed for a bit in Paris, which probably did not remind them to any great extent of Melbourne or Sydney, and took the last lap of their long journey by easy stages—as far, of course, as the stage can ever be easy. "Tony" Prinsep is a kind-hearted and hospitable person, and I hope he will have better luck with his theatrical productions in future than has sometimes been the case in the past.

They have a delightful house near Bourne End—"Bella Vista"—and it lives up to its name, with green doors and windows, a balcony with a view over the winding Thames, tiled bathing ponds and fish-pools, and some exquisite garden gates of Italian ironwork. This they let when they left England to Edgar Wallace, who wrote a few thousand plays and novels there.

LONDON is full of new taxis—nice long, low, swift ones, like those one admires in Paris until a Paris taxi-

BY CHICOT

"And what will you do when you grow into a big lady like Auntie?"
"Reduce!"

A CANNA-BALLIOL YARN

Dorothy Wilding

Anna May Wong, the attractive American-Chinese actress, who shyly informed a discreet audience of critics at the Savoy Hotel the other day that she is trying to lose her American twang

driver has you well at his mercy inside and proceeds to imitate Segrave along the Boulevard des Italiens in the rush hour. But I find one drawback in these, and, in fact, in nearly all taxis. There are no lights inside, or, if there are, they do not function. It has always been a mystery to me that in a penny bus after dark one can read the evening paper in comfort, but that in a cab, which charges at least twelve times as much, one is compelled to sit in darkness or to read snatches of exciting news if one has the luck to be in a traffic jam somewhere near a lamp-post. The only time a taxi's inside light is in full working order is when, probably, one does not wish it to be. It is rarely possible to take *her* back to her home after a dance or a supper party without a globe in the ceiling of the cab that blazes like a searchlight. This one cannot, and the driver will not, turn out.

AND now to strike a Wong note. Anna May Wong was in explanatory mood at the lunch given by Sir Gerald du Maurier and Basil Dean, and criticised, quite gently and charmingly, those of her critics who in critiques of *The Circle of Chalk* had had some things to say about "my terr-bul Amurrican accent." Her accent was not, of course, quite what one either desired or expected in a more or less Chinese play; so Anna, with a view to appearing in further plays in "Talkies" is, she told us, carefully cultivating an English accent (which in Chinese plays will, of course, be absolutely right).

Eventually May must be seen in London in a better show than *The Circle of Chalk*, which, like the *coterie* of gouty people its title suggested, could not run. Wong has, however, achieved a curious distinction in the annals of the British stage. She is the only leading lady who started to take lessons in acting a week after her play was produced.

OXFORD is Athenian in that she is always searching after some new thing. Last year it was duels. This year it seems to be horticulture, and it is going on at Balliol; if it had happened at Magdalen it would doubtless be spelled "hauticulture." Anyway, they are spraying blight-killer about the quad (some years ago I could have named several suitable victims), marcel-waving the delphiniums and lobelias, studying real roots instead of Greek ones, learning about gardening forks as well as about Caudine forks, and generally going to pot. Practical work in the open air is not new to Oxford. William Morris in the 'seventies used to take gangs of undergraduates road-making, and one of them was Oscar Wilde.

MEANWHILE the coloured population of Balliol, which always has been considerable, look on, I imagine, in amused wonder at the white man's burden. So great at one time was the number of ducky undergraduates at what we may in future venture to call "Botany Balliol," that a story went the rounds of a white undergraduate of that college who became a missionary. As is the habit of missionaries, at any rate in story books, he allowed his preaching to get on the nerves of the naked cannibals whom he was seeking to convert. So they prepared

By Hynes

"So delightful this step!"
"I don't know it"
"Neither do I!"

By Fred Buchanan

"Oh, steward; here's a pair of gloves somebody's dropped"
"Yes, sir. From the way they're lyin' they must be Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's"

AN ACADEMICAL LEG-PULL

PESTILENT PEOPLE

SOME people cannot stand the man
Who waxes his moustache,
And others loathe the laugh that sounds
Both asinine and harsh ;
Some can't abide the man whose "side"
Is anything but small,
And talking only of himself
Will bore us one and all.

And many naturally bar
The man who's prone to vex
All decent men by boasting of
His prowess with the Sex.
The golfing fan's another man
Who most people hate
When he explains how he went round
The course in ninety-eight.

All these are most unpleasant types,
We'd gladly lose the lot,
And if they left our native shores
We wouldn't care a jot ;
But there's no doubt the awful lout
Whom EVERYONE abhors
Is he who, when his turn comes round,
Omits to say, "What's yours?"

B. W.

a big casserole for him and told him to prepare for death. He had rowed in the College eight, and craved, as a last boon, to don his blazer. The cannibal chief recognised it with a shout of joy. "Sir," he said, rushing forward, "your life is spared. I was at Balliol!"

MR. PHILIP CONRAD'S joke in making the elders in his picture "Susanna and the Elders" Sir Edwin Lutyens and Mr. Adrian Stokes—the portraits are quite unmistakable—is rather heavy, as one would expect an academic joke to be, particularly a Royal Academic joke. But such jokes, not nearly so innocuous, have been perpetrated for Burlington House before, and on one occasion, some years ago, a picture had to be removed hurriedly and for quite unprintable reasons. Adrian Stokes, a short, bearded, rubicund man with a face like Socrates, and a most genial person withal, has declared that he doesn't mind in the least being an "elder" on canvas. But I hear that Sir Edwin Lutyens is rather angry. Susanna and the Cenotaph are not a happy combination.

ALTHOUGH theatre orchestras take care to render such masterpieces as "Sonny Boy" and "All By Yourself in the Moonlight" with becoming accuracy and feeling they have no compunction about treating the National Anthem as though they had never learnt the tune. At a theatre recently the orchestra so mutilated it that it was only the sight of cleverer—or less musical—people getting to their feet that gave me an inkling of what was being played. It may be a poor thing, but it *is* our own, so let our orchestras treat it with some semblance of decency.

Photopress

Miss Margaret Bannerman and her husband, Mr. Anthony Prinsep, photographed on their arrival in London. Miss Bannerman has just concluded a very successful Australian tour under her husband's management

A scene from "The Lady of the Rose," which has been revived at Daly's Theatre, where it is doing good business. The photograph shows Leo Sheffield as Baron Sprotti-Sprotti, Greta Fayne as Sophie, and Huntley Wright as Suitangi

FILM NOTES

A FRIGHT IN THE FOG

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

WHAT would you do if you received a mysterious letter from an unknown Captain Larribee asking you to meet him at midnight on the lonely wharf near which his schooner is moored? The chances are that this sinister invitation would be refused by nine people out of ten; fortunately for the story of "Black Waters," an English Talkie made in Hollywood, the characters are fashioned of sterner stuff than you or I, and one and all they hasten to obey the mysterious summons.

A CERTAIN debutante, by name Eunice, appears on the dock accompanied by two swains named Charlie and Elmer. My programme explains that "Elmer thought it strange, but, loving the beautiful girl, accompanied her to the rendezvous, plunging straightway into the most remarkable happening of his life." As Elmer was drowned as a result of the night's work, this appeared to me to be stating the case mildly, to say the least of it. I certainly agreed with Elmer in thinking the business strange, but as I neither loved the girl nor thought her particularly beautiful, I felt from the first that he was asking for trouble. As I have observed, he got it before the end of the night.

The three young people, after waiting for apparently some hours on the deserted wharf, encounter a night watchman, who informs them:—

(*a*) That Captain Larribee fills all who meet him with a strange and evil fear; and

(*b*) That the tomtom they hear reverberating from the deserted ship is the property of Larribee's black cannibal slave, and means certain death to those who hear it, for the simple reason that both the Captain and his cannibal are killers.

In spite of this depressing conversation and the fact that a heavy fog has meanwhile descended upon the wharf, our heroine and our two heroes, far from returning home to bed, enthusiastically insist upon keeping their appointment with the two killers. They seemed so extraordinarily foolish that one could not help hoping that Larribee and the cannibal would live up to their name.

QUITE undaunted, then, the party step aboard the ship, where they are joined by various odd and shifty characters, who also appear to have nocturnal appointments with the invisible Captain. Prominent among this motley group is a filthy crippled beggar with a repulsive countenance, who declares that he is a wandering evangelist come to revenge himself upon Larribee for some past misdeed. The next thing that happens is that the ship is cut adrift to float down the river while one by one the minor characters begin to disappear.

SOME are neatly incapacitated by means of poison-darts (shot at them by the cannibal) and subsequently whisked down yawning trapdoors, others are tossed calmly into the river by an unseen hand, and others again simply vanish like a puff of smoke behind sliding panels. A corpse is discovered in a long box in the corner, and a young reporter is found, gagged and bound, in some secret recess of the cabin. Meanwhile, foghorns boom and the tomtom thuds unceasingly.

LEILA DRESNER

The charming young film star who plays the leading part of a snake charmer in the new film "The City of Play." This is a Denison Clift production

ALL this time I had only a very vague idea as to what all this was about. I was, in fact, a great deal more in the fog than any of the characters, but I insist upon proclaiming aloud the fact that from the first the tattered missionary seemed to me highly suspicious. I was in no way prepared, however, for the subsequent *dénouement*, which included the unmasking of the missionary by the reporter, who tore off a wig and a pair of spectacles and revealed what for a long time I imagined to be the lineaments of Mr. Lon Chaney.

"My father!" exclaimed Charlie, but he was no more surprised than I. I am still unable to explain why Larribee was Charlie's father, why Charlie did not recognise his parent, or why any of the party had been invited on the boat at all.

HE whom I took for Mr. Lon Chaney then received with the greatest aplomb a poison-dark from the bow of his own cannibal, and, before he died, remarked that Eunice was the daughter of Edwin Randall, whoever he might be. He then passed away while Eunice and Charlie embraced laughingly and the reporter sharpened his pencil gleefully. When the lights went up and I examined my programme I discovered the actor I had been admiring as Lon Chaney was in reality James Kirkwood, a humiliating discovery indeed for any film critic. I will therefore content myself by observing that Mr. Kirkwood's excellent voice needs no introduction to those who saw him over here in "The Barker." Other members of the cast are John Loder and Hallam Cooley, who are both good, although the heroine, Mary Brian, is uninspired and inaudible. For those who like ghost stories of wild improbability, "Black Waters" will be an evening of sheer delight. It is most absurd, exceedingly creepy, and highly enjoyable.

"THE BROADWAY MELODY" is entertainment with a capital "E." A gay, glittering, kaleidoscopic pageant of theatrical life on the Great White Way, it is produced on the most lavish scale imaginable, and is considered by its sponsors to be the last word in Talkie efficiency. The two leading characters are a pair of music-hall twins named the Mahoney Sisters, who come to New York to make good and who don't succeed. The one important man's *rôle*, that of a jazz composer who loves first one sister and then the other, is tactfully subordinated in order to allow the two girls to dance, sing, weep, and quarrel almost continuously. The result is that Bessie Love, who plays the good, industrious little sister, walks away with the picture from the first moment of her appearance. Miss Love, tiny, neat, and graceful, with big eyes, a clear voice, and a pair of incredibly nimble legs, is altogether charming as the little dancer who tried in vain to storm Broadway and who lost her lover

to her selfish sister during the time she was working to do so.

ANITA PAGE, a much-heralded ingénue, plays the part of Queenie, the younger sister, who loved the composer, but seemed to crave diamonds and apartments on Park Avenue. I found Miss Page extremely disappointing. She is a doll-like young person with a shock of flaxen hair, and her obvious inexperience is all the more apparent by the side of Miss Love's self-possession and sang-froid. Charles King plays the vacillating composer quite pleasantly. The vivid and realistic scenes of a Broadway dress-rehearsal are remarkably interesting and enjoyable, and a good deal of sly satire is incidentally poked at an individual named "Mr. Zanfield," who appears to move about surrounded by a retinue of what the Americans call "yes-men."

"The Broadway Melody" should run for many weeks, and Miss Love should capture a thousand hearts during the process. ELEANOR SMITH.

Mary Doran, Charles King, Anita Page and Bessie Love in "The Broadway Melody." This all talking film created a big sensation when it was produced recently at the Empire Theatre

Helping British Films

IT really seems that people, the City magnates included, are at last waking up to the fact that there is a tremendous chance for British films if things are handled properly. At a recent luncheon given at the Savoy Hotel, views upon the British opportunity in producing talking pictures were discussed by many prominent people, including Mr. Basil Dean and Sir Gerald du Maurier. The former pointed out that if only those interested can get together and work in unison and with a definite objective in view to end the present turmoil the possibilities were almost limitless. The City, which up to the present has been fighting rather shy of British film enterprises, is showing signs of realising their possibilities and we may hope to see some encouraging results in the near future. Now comes the news that "His Master's Voice" (the Gramophone Company, Ltd.) and the British and Dominions Film Corporation have successfully concluded negotiations for the co-operative production of talking and sound films. Albert de Courville, the producer of so many successful revues in the past, is to open the ball with the production of a British revue, and there is little doubt that he will succeed in giving the public a new and bright form of entertainment, which will be appreciated by the hundreds of thousands of people who are regular visitors to our cinemas and are only too anxious to accord a warm welcome to a British production—provided it is really good.

Dorothy Mackaill, the attractive young girl who has scored such a hit in talking pictures, notably "The Barker" and "His Captive Woman"

The Tyranny of Paris

By
LADY PEACOCK

Lady Peacock, whose husband, Sir Walter Peacock, K.C.V.O., directs the vast interests of the Duchy of Cornwall and is Treasurer to the Prince of Wales, is the head of Iredo, the costumiers of 180, New Bond Street. Lady Peacock claims rightly to know her Paris as well as London.

THE question has sometimes been asked why it is that in the matter of dress Paris sets the fashion for women and London for men. One reply given is that the French are more artistic than the British and the British more practical than the French: and as women want dresses to be beautiful, they go to Paris for their models: and as men ask only that their clothes may be serviceable and comfortable, they find that London best supplies their needs. The explanation, though plausible, is not quite correct.

THE London tailor in his way is just as much an artist as the Paris dressmaker. His scope may be more limited, but he is a master of the subtleties and nuances which go to create style. Rose Bertin, Marie Antoinette's famous dressmaker, whose name to-day is commemorated by a London firm of repute, was just as much an artist as the best *couturières* of to-day. But despite frequent visits to London she never succeeded in obtaining an English clientele, and the shop which she opened in London in 1793 existed for little more than a year. Owing to the Napoleonic Wars Leroi, who followed her as dressmaker to the Court under the Empress Josephine, had little chance of capturing the English trade, and his immediate successors fared no better. It was not until the days of the Second Empire that Paris models came to have any considerable vogue in London.

LET me remind those who believe that the French have a greater aptitude for dress design than the British, that the artist who succeeded where Rose Bertin and her successors had failed was not a Frenchman at all, but an Englishman named Charles Frederick Worth, who served his apprenticeship at Messrs. Swan and Edgar's, and being interested in French fabrics went to Paris, took to designing, and founded the famous house of Worth. No dress designer ever had such a success. Worth was acknowledged as the uncrowned King of Fashion. All Paris and half London flocked to his salons in the rue de la Paix, and his profits are said to have reached the enormous sum of £50,000 a year. The position which he as an Englishman won for Paris, Paris has ever since retained. "Model" houses continued to multiply in Paris, and it was accepted as almost beyond dispute that original models must be designed in Paris.

I YIELD to no one in my admiration of French genius, but I contend that the British are just as capable of designing beautiful gowns as the best of the French houses. Worth was not the only British designer of genius. Lucile, Elspeth Phelps, whose business was merged in Paquin's, and Molyneux, the founder of one of the best of the Paris dressmaking firms of to-day, are all British.

YET in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, the opinion still prevails among the public that British designers are not the equals of the French, and that if we are to be in the mode we must slavishly obey the dictates of a clique of Parisian dressmakers. The shape of the sleeves, the length of skirts, are all decided in Paris. What Paris says to-day, England says to-morrow. The paramount position of Paris has far more serious consequences than the mere loss to London dressmakers. It involves a far greater loss to British manufacturers. Paris dressmakers and French manufacturers work in close co-operation. What is the result? The designers, because they are in league with the manufacturers, design for the use of French materials. The representatives of London firms go to Paris and buy models from the leading Paris houses. The model, if it is to be copied, is useless without the material, and the material also has to be ordered from Paris. Yet with the possible exception of the rich silk brocades, British manufacturers can provide materials, including printed chiffons, at least as good as the best that France can produce. In tweeds British manufacturers have no rivals. British tweeds are the rage in Berlin and Vienna. But Paris under the domination of French manufacturers do their utmost to discourage the wearing of tweed costumes. Happily they have been powerless to resist the growing demand, and some French houses are now specialising in sports models.

NEVER was the moment more favourable for British designers to assert themselves. There are already signs of revolt from the autocracy of Paris. Only recently London refused to accept a fashion which Paris tried to impose, and Paris had to give way. Moreover, owing to the enormous trade which Paris has been doing since the War, French models no longer possess the beautiful finish which formerly was a joy to behold. On the contrary, the workmanship bears the evidence of a race against time and is often slovenly. Mass production, too, which is all very well in the manufacture of motor cars, is out of place in the dressmaking industry. To-day Paris models are not only hurriedly put together but are repeated with wearisome iteration. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but no woman who has paid a big price for a Paris model is flattered by finding that several of her friends are wearing identical models. The tendency of modern education may have been to cast everyone in the same mould; but we do not all want to be dressed in the same dresses. We would like to preserve some remnant of our own individuality. So far no race has preserved its individuality better than the British. It is only in dress that we fail to assert ourselves. Why should this be? We have plenty of first-rate designers. Mr. Norman Hartnell is a designer of genius and Mrs. Cecil Hanbury, who manages the firm of Iredo, of which I am chairman, has quickly made a name for herself. There are many other firms who for design can hold their own with the best of the French designers. Our materials are second to none. In workmanship and finish we have made a great advance, while Paris has receded.

IN my opinion all that is needed for success is to do what Paris has done: London dressmakers must get into closer touch with the wholesale houses and the manufacturers. There is little co-operation at present; and more and more it is becoming recognised that under modern conditions co-operation is essential to success. Now is the moment. If we miss the present golden opportunity it may be years before so good a chance occurs again.

"VENETIAN NIGHT" R. FRANK SHERWOOD

GUNS to the FORE at th

An impression of the dashing finish to the M. Battery H.R.A. drive which brought down the house at Olympia t
ends, "about wheel," and come up into

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

ne ROYAL TOURNAMENT

year, and which is being repeated at this year's Royal Tournament. Three guns charge down the hall from opposite ... at close intervals opposite the Royal Box

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

RELAPSE

By T. G. CLARK

Illustration by NICK

As Mrs. Smith-Partington was fond of saying, everybody must admit that she had a forgiving nature; but there was a limit. So when Smith-Partington took up with that impossible Granville woman she very properly walked out of the conjugal flat with the three children, retired to her mother's, and, in due course, divorced him. Everybody was quite rightly extremely sorry for her. He had indeed behaved abominably. But some of their more discerning acquaintances guessed that of the two he was perhaps the more deserving of sympathy. Others declared that they pitied Mrs. Granville more than either. But not many of the Smith-Partingtons' acquaintances had any knowledge of Helen Granville or her world. Wherein lay the cause for sympathy.

Although during the twenty years of their married life Susan Smith-Partington had certainly had cause for complaint, it would be absurd to suggest, as she hinted to her friends now that it was over, that John's career had been one of unmixed debauchery. As a matter of fact, for nine-tenths of that time he had been a fairly satisfactory husband. But every now and again—there was no blinking the fact—he would "break out." The phrase was Susan's own, and it was grimly interpreted by those who found excuses for John to mean that he was ordinarily kept under lock and key. In any case, the outbreaks, sometimes violent but always short, had no permanent consequences. John would return to the fold, the temperature in the never over-warmed Smith-Partington household would be distinctly lower for a few weeks, and everything would go on as before.

Except for these unfortunate episodes he was as irreproachable a family man as could be found in all South Kensington. He daily took the Underground to and from the City, swore petulantly at his children, grumbled about the food, and treated his wife, in her own words, as a useful piece of furniture. Certainly Susan made him extremely comfortable, and everybody concerned seemed quite reconciled to the position.

Then appeared Helen Granville, and it soon became clear that this affair was going to be entirely different from any that had gone before it. For Helen was entirely different from any who had gone before her. Of her predecessors Susan used to say with pursed lips that they were "of a certain class." Helen's class was perhaps the most uncertain thing about her. She certainly did not belong to the raffish set where circumstances had planted her and where John found her. She was in it but not of it, and from the moment she set eyes on John her aim was marriage.

So it came about that Helen, now Helen Smith-Partington, sat in what had been Susan's drawing-room in De Vere Gardens. It was a comfortable room, with just that air of permanence that her uncertain life had hitherto lacked. Susan had been too proud to take with her any but the most trifling of knick-knacks, so that it retained the atmosphere of a place regularly lived in. It was Susan's atmosphere rather than her own, but Helen did not mind.

The fire burned brightly. The curtains were drawn, although it was only four o'clock on an autumn afternoon. The silver on the tea-table shone in the light of the chandelier, which shone also on the golden head of Helen as she sat by the fire, trying to read a book, but glancing up continually at the clock.

John and she had returned from their extended honeymoon the night before. This morning, for the first time, she had seen her husband off to his work. She had felt that she was fairly enfranchised in the community of London wives as she helped him into his coat, found his umbrella, and peeped through the curtains to see his stocky figure trotting down the pavement. And if she felt a little disappointed at the matter-of-fact way in which he had received her parting embrace, she had been consoled by his parting words, "Back to tea, I expect, dear. So long!"

Helen allowed herself to fall into a reverie. Her thoughts travelled forward to the deliciously domesticated future, then back to her disastrous first marriage, and to the period, hardly less unpleasant, it now seemed, that had succeeded it. The acquaintances of that time—they had seemed good enough friends then, but oh! the joy to think she need never see or speak to them again! Julie Harboro' (what was her real name? she wondered), Monty De Vine, that young idiot whom everybody would call Staggers, and half a dozen more—what odious little marionettes they seemed now!

The telephone bell rang. Helen ran to answer it as an anxious wife should.

"Can I speak to Mrs. Smith-Partington?" said a feminine voice.

"This is Mrs. Smith-Partington speaking." Seldom have such simple words been uttered with greater pride.

"Helen, dear! Is that you? Welcome home!"

Helen's heart sank within her.

"Who is that speaking?" she faltered.

"Why, Julie, of course! You haven't forgotten me, surely!" The tinny voice crackled into laughter.

Helen shivered as though at a voice from the dead.

"Julie! Of course!" she murmured. "How are you?"

"Blooming as ever, darling!" the metallic voice rattled on. "Have you ever known me anything else? And now what about this evening?"

"This evening?" breathed Helen helplessly.

The voice became invested with a tinge of reproach.

"Helen, *angel!* You're not going to let us down? Why, you're the guest of honour! We fixed it before you left. And it'll be the greatest party of the century, believe me!"

Helen tried to speak, but could not.

"It's *starting* at Pongo's at eight," chirped the voice, "and Gawd knows where it will end. We've got a real cheery crowd for you. Monty is coming, and Staggers has a new stunt."

Something snapped in Helen's head. What business had this woman to presume on old acquaintance? And who was she, Mrs. Smith-Partington, to be bearded in her drawing-room by a voice at the end of a wire?

"I am so sorry, Julie, dear," she said in her most frigid tones, "I am so sorry, but I'm afraid it's out of the question—quite out of the question. I'd quite forgotten the engagement—did I really make it, I wonder? But I know that my husband can't come to-night, and I can hardly . . . No, I don't know when I shall be able to find time . . . You see, my dear, circumstances have rather *altered*, have they not? When one undertakes a new mode of life it is sometimes a little difficult—— "

"You mean your old friends aren't good enough?" came the voice, rather snappishly. "Well, I suppose it was only to be expected. So long, old thing, and if ever you get tired of that stick-in-the-mud hubby of yours don't forget there will be a cocktail for you at Pongo's."

Helen hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief. That was like a weight off her chest.

She turned to find the maid standing behind her.

"Mr. Smith-Partington, mum," she announced.

"Mr. Smith-Partington!" exclaimed Helen. "What can you mean?"

Then upon her astonished gaze broke a veritable vision of elegance. He was dressed with that attention to detail, that scrupulous adherence to fashion which only the very young ever have the ambition to attempt. And his manner had that suave, experienced air which few can retain beyond the age of eighteen.

"Good afternoon," he began with a charming air of condescension, "I'm afraid this is an intrusion. But I couldn't leave London without making your acquaintance."

"May I ask who you are?" faltered Helen.

"My name, I regret to say, is James Partington—Smith-Partington," replied the visitor. "Dreadful, isn't it?

(All rights strictly reserved.)

But you may call me James if you like. 'Jim' or 'Jimmy' is absolutely barred. What I should call you is rather a problem. What would you prefer? "

Then, seeing the amazement in Helen's face, he went on: "But how terribly forgetful of me! Of course, I imagined you'd have heard of me. I am your eldest stepson."

"My stepson! But I understood that your mother —— "

"Oh, mother has custody all right," replied James airily. "In fact, that's exactly why I'm here. Being the only one over sixteen and a free agent, so to speak, I thought I'd toddle round and spy out the land."

"Do you mean you came to see your father? " asked Helen.

"Partly, yes; but principally to see you."

Helen, in spite of herself, felt flattered.

"That is very kind of you," she said.

"Not a bit. Naturally I wanted to see what you were like. Besides, perhaps I can help you a bit."

Helen smiled indulgently.

"Thank you," she replied. "If ever I want your help I shall call upon you—er—James. But I don't think it will be likely."

Tea was brought in. James refused politely the cup offered him and shook his head meditatively.

"I shouldn't be too sure," he said. "You don't know father."

Helen laughed outright.

"My dear boy! " she exclaimed.

"No, but seriously you don't," he replied energetically. "Not as I do. Father on the loose is one person—I don't mean to be offensive, but you'll understand what I mean when you've been married to him a bit longer—and father in the home is another. He likes everything done just so. He's been in the same rut for twenty years, and he won't care to find himself jolted out of it."

"I think you can trust me to make your father comfortable," answered Helen with some asperity.

"But that's just it! " James went on. "Can I? When mother went she took the servants with her, and there's no one here who understands his little ways. You'll do your best, I'm sure," he added magnanimously, "but I'm afraid you'll have a few surprises."

"Thank you for the warning," answered Helen sarcastically. "And now where shall we start? Perhaps you'd like to see the menu for dinner this evening? "

James shook his head.

"Sheer waste of time," he commented. "Father's dining out to-night."

This time Helen was genuinely startled.

"Dining out! " she exclaimed. "Nonsense! He never said a word to me about it."

"P'r'aps he'd forgotten you didn't know," said James. "But I bet I'm right. To-day's Tuesday, isn't it? Well, Tuesday is the day he goes to some silly dining club and plays bridge. He's done it ever since I can remember anything."

"Oh, if that's all," said Helen, relieved, "I hardly think that to-night—— "

She broke off at the sound of the front door being opened. Then leisurely footsteps were heard in the hall and an umbrella being dropped in the stand. Helen's heart stood still. This was the moment for which she had been waiting all day, and with a deep feeling of disappointment she realised that James's presence was going to spoil her first performance of the second great act in the London wife's drama—the welcome home of the breadwinner.

John Smith-Partington entered the room. He was middle-aged and a City man—and looked it. In his hand was an evening paper, on his brow the expression of a Tired Business Man. Helen advanced towards him with a little coo of happiness, her arms extended for an embrace. She received a brisk peck on the cheek and the evening paper in her hand.

"Evenin', dear. Here's your paper. Not much news." He nodded to his son across the room. "Evenin', James. Over-dressed as usual. You boys seem to think of nothing but your clothes."

With a well-directed kick he propelled an armchair nearer the fire and lowered himself into it. A cushion in the back was ejected with little inarticulate noises of disapproval. Then he extended a hand for tea.

Helen, conscious of James's eye upon her, determined to put the best face on the matter that she could. Appearances must be preserved. Sitting down at the tea-table she poured out a cup with a hand that trembled slightly. But before she could do more John's disapproving glance had fallen on the neatly curtained windows. Getting up, he twitched these apart, letting in the pallid remains of daylight.

"I NEVER can understand," he commented in tones which blended peevishness and resignation, "why it should be considered necessary to shut out the excellent light of the sun in order to advertise the colour of our curtains to the world. But it is continually done in spite of my protests, and I suppose it always will be. And why," he went on, "electric current is wasted on this garish chandelier when the lamps are perfectly adequate and infinitely pleasanter passes my comprehension."

He snapped at the switches, and Helen, her cheeks burning, felt grateful for the semi-darkness. John regained his armchair safely, and, still in silence, she handed him his cup. He received it with a mumbled "Thanks," and then amazingly began what was almost an apology.

"Sorry to have made all this fuss," he remarked to the fire, "but really by now one does expect some consideration in the house. Nobody seems to show any thought for the head of the family nowadays."

Suddenly the rhythm of John's grumblings was violently broken. A loud splutter announced that something serious had gone wrong. Several alternative gambits

"*I am your eldest stepson*"

seemed to occur to the sufferer simultaneously, but finally he decided on the heavily ironic.

"May I ask," he enquired bitterly, "what is the matter with this tea?"

"Matter, dear?" faltered Helen.

"Or, rather," pursued the outraged man, "it would perhaps be quicker to ask what is *not* the matter with this tea? It is stewed, it is strong, it is Indian. Really, by now, I should have thought, Susan——"

Helen uttered a long, piercing scream. John stopped abruptly, looked wildly round him, stared at her blankly, and turned a deep crimson. Helen, realising what the situation demanded, began to weep softly. Finally, John recovered his voice.

"Helen, my dear, I—good God! what have I done? Stop crying, for Heaven's sake! It was unpardonable, I know, but, honestly, for the moment——"

In despair he turned to his son.

"Confound it, James! Why are you here, anyway?"

"Mother wanted to know how you were," replied James imperturbably. "I'm going back to Eton to-morrow, so this was my only chance."

"Well, you have plenty to tell her," retorted his father. He looked again at his wife, hesitated, then, murmuring, "Getting late. Dining out. Must get dressed," he fled from the room. The quiet that succeeded his disappearance was broken by the reassuring tones of James.

"I'm awfully sorry about this," he said. "Father's a decent chap really, only he's been spoilt. You see, mother always made him so jolly comfortable. Only now and then he had to go out for air, so to speak."

Helen smiled.

"Thank you, James," she said with surprising cheerfulness. "I expect your father and I will learn each other's ways before long. And one has to go out for air sometimes, doesn't one? Well, good-bye, dear boy. You'll look us up again, won't you?"

The door had scarcely closed before she was at the telephone.

"Is that you, Julie? . . . Yes, Helen speaking. I find I can manage this evening, after all. Pongo's at eight, wasn't it? . . . No, John can't come. . . . What? . . . Oh, don't be silly! As if I should forget my old friends! . . ."

T. G. C.

PARIS GOSSIP

ART, ARTLESSNESS AND A TAXI

Illustrations by SCHUS

"There are so many Art Exhibitions in Paris that one gets dizzy"

PARIS is privileged to have April showers in May, I suppose, because at Cambridge May Week is celebrated in June, and a little thing like such eccentricities in common is an excellent point of contact between nations.

WELL, just at present there are two things to do in Paris (I mean, of course, in the day-time); they are paying visits to art exhibitions or the dressmakers. It is less costly to do the former, except at the unofficial shows, for surely no one would be tempted to buy anything at the Spring Salon! Against my inclinations, I finally did go to the Salon, which is terrible, as I predicted, Edward discovering but one novelty at the Grand Palais, and that is a new exit. "So," he said, "you can get out quickly if it is too much for you." But in walking through one chamber of horrors he met some friends who remarked inanely, "There are some pretty things here, aren't there?" and he answered, "Where do you think you are—at Molyneux?" But, as I was saying, the weather is just fit for art exhibitions, except that in dashing from one gallery to another one is caught in a shower, while the moment one is under a gallery's roof the sun bursts forth.

I WENT to the Swedish Exhibition in the Jeu de Paume, at which there are some very fine things, particularly in the first room. The work of Erik Detthow is masterly. He is so definitely a member of the Paris school that I was pleasantly surprised to see him among his compatriots. Hans Ekegärdh has sent two nudes that are as good as anything painted by a Frenchman. Ernst Josephson is a perfectly swell painter, and Prince Eugene has given one of his paintings to the Luxembourg. They say the French Government had offered to buy it, but His Highness insisted on making it a gift, and it is just as well, for I am sure some artistic taxpayers would have good cause for complaint. . . . Of course, the committee who buys for the Luxembourg makes some pretty faulty selections, and I have a vague feeling that said committee consists of a lot of old ladies.

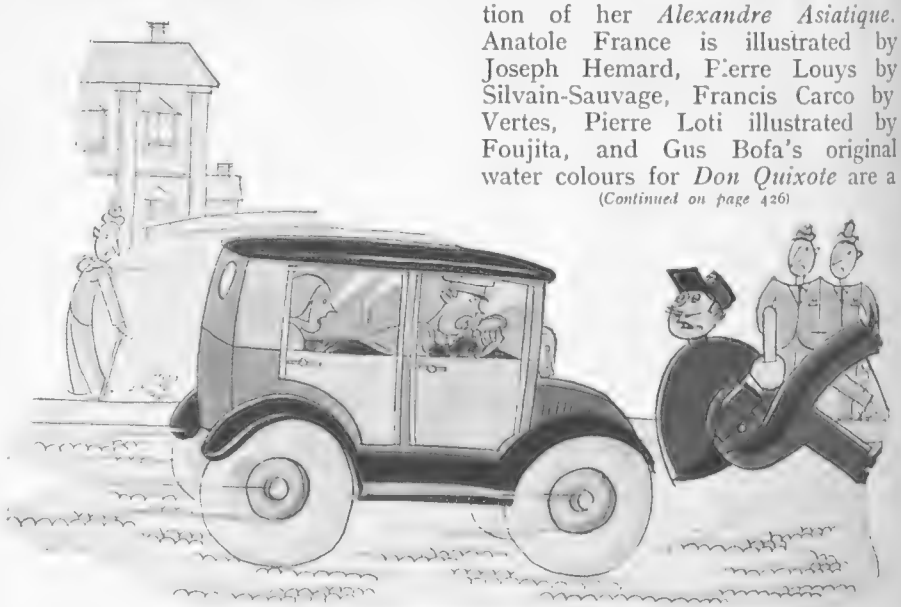
ART has an infinite hold on the French. A boy friend of mine won so much money at the races the other day that he immediately bought a Marie Laurencin and a Foujita; but I told him not to bet next Sunday, because he would be sure to lose and have to sell the pictures for fifty francs, which would cause a picture-panic at the Hôtel Drouot.

AT the Charpentier Gallery is a portrait exhibition by Jacques-Emile Blanche. The exposition is very interesting in its conception, for it reveals the changes in style of portrait painting itself and the fashions worn by his sitters. There is an absolutely quaint Lily Langtry done at Dieppe in 1885, and a glamorous sketch for a portrait of "Alexandra, Princesse de Galles," painted at the same period. The best picture in the show is, in my opinion, a much later oil sketch of the Marquess of Crewe. Blanche is the one Frenchman who can paint the English type.

BUT the most wonderful exhibition at present in Paris is in the strangest place: in the new galleries of Manuel the photographer, who has taken one of the pretty houses at the Etoile, at the corner of the Avenue Foch (get used to that if you can . . . *I* can't) and the rue de Presbourg. The show is called "Les Illustrateurs d'Apres-Guerre." As a background for the beautiful books is a marvellous gathering of prints, paintings and drawings by Hogarth, Gilbray, Rowlandson, Gavarni, Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec and Forain. (A recent Forain just went for a hundred thousand francs at the Hôtel Drouot.) Some of the books are shown with the original drawings for the illustrations.

THERE is Colette's *Voyage Egoiste* in the original edition, with coloured lithographs by Charles Guerin, and an extra "suite" of the illustrations. Then there is the *Morte de Venise* of Maurice Barrès, illustrated by Chahine. Only thirty copies have been printed, "*hors de commerce*" at that, there being three states of the etched illustrations, four plates in their three states and two original water colours. Ceria has made thirty dry-points, with two suites, for the Princess Bibesco's *Catherine-Paris*; and Louis Tousblanc has done divine etched illustrations for the *de luxe* edition of her *Alexandre Asiatique*. Anatole France is illustrated by Joseph Hemard, Pierre Louys by Silvain-Sauvage, Francis Carco by Vertes, Pierre Loti illustrated by Foujita, and Gus Bofa's original water colours for *Don Quixote* are a

(Continued on page 426)



"The taxi ran over the gendarme's foot"

TWIN STARS WHO SHINE IN VIENNA

Above: The Elbue Twins, eccentric dancers, now making their first appearance in Vienna

Below: The Waxen Sisters, whose original technique has won them fame

Above: Inca and Lolla Epp, Argentine twins, now in revue and cabaret in Vienna

Below: The Park Sisters, two English girls who are great favourites in Vienna

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 424)

Wide World Photo

Miss Georgie Graves, the brilliant young English dancer whose original dances have won her success in Paris. She has been appearing at the Folies Bergère

few of the thrilling works on view. It is bad enough to see limited editions of your favourite books, and bad enough to see drawings by some of the best artists in the world to-day, but when you see them in combination there should be a law against such temptation.

I WILL now come down to earth by informing you that I have broken —indirectly, of course—a world traffic record. The evening previous to this incident I had seen the film of John Barrymore in *The Tempest*. Do you remember the wild-looking Bolshevik leader who had a lot of hair and not many teeth? Well, in hailing a taxi I was confronted by the same man as chauffeur! I really think that man lost his job in the movies and is now driving a taxi in Paris. I was so terrified that I changed cabs as quickly as possible. But later in the day, going along the rue de Rivoli, when the gerndarme blew his whistle he didn't get out of the way and my taxi ran over his foot! Now this is no story: it really happened. And how that gendarme spoke to the driver! Naughty, naughty! The way the officer jumped around, and the way the driver argued, and the way the boy I was with laughed, it is a wonder that I am not writing this from prison. There was so much excitement, and so many gestures (the gendarme was bumped from the rear) that I did not learn whether it was his foot, his calf, his thigh or his pride that was hurt.

AND now that I am on the subject of motors, I have just heard that André Citroën has invited four hundred guests to accompany him to the Barcelona Exposition, and has engaged the entire Barcelona Ritz to accommodate them. He is also paying his party's transportation. Three hundred people immediately accepted his invitation. Some have refused, among them Baron Henri de Rothschild, who said: "I do not intend to be used as publicity for Citroën!" I have also heard that Citroën is to be put on the American market by General Motors. If you buy stock, and lose, don't blame me. If you buy stock and make money, you can get my address from the Editor.

IN descending at the Place d'Alma recently I saw the new Bourdelle statue of Mickiewicz. "Oh," I said to my friend, "I must see this statue." "*C'est le poète* Mickiewicz," the tramway conductor told me. "It's awfully good, isn't it?" I asked. He shrugged. "Maybe," he answered in English. "Don't you care for Bourdelle?" I inquired anxiously. "Not especially," he said. "Oh, I am just crazy about Bourdelle's work," I said, "particularly his statue of Hercules in the Luxembourg. There is a cast of it in the Metropolitan in New York." "Yes, I know," said the conductor, politely helping me off the car by giving another passenger a kick, "*mais, à chacun son goût.*"

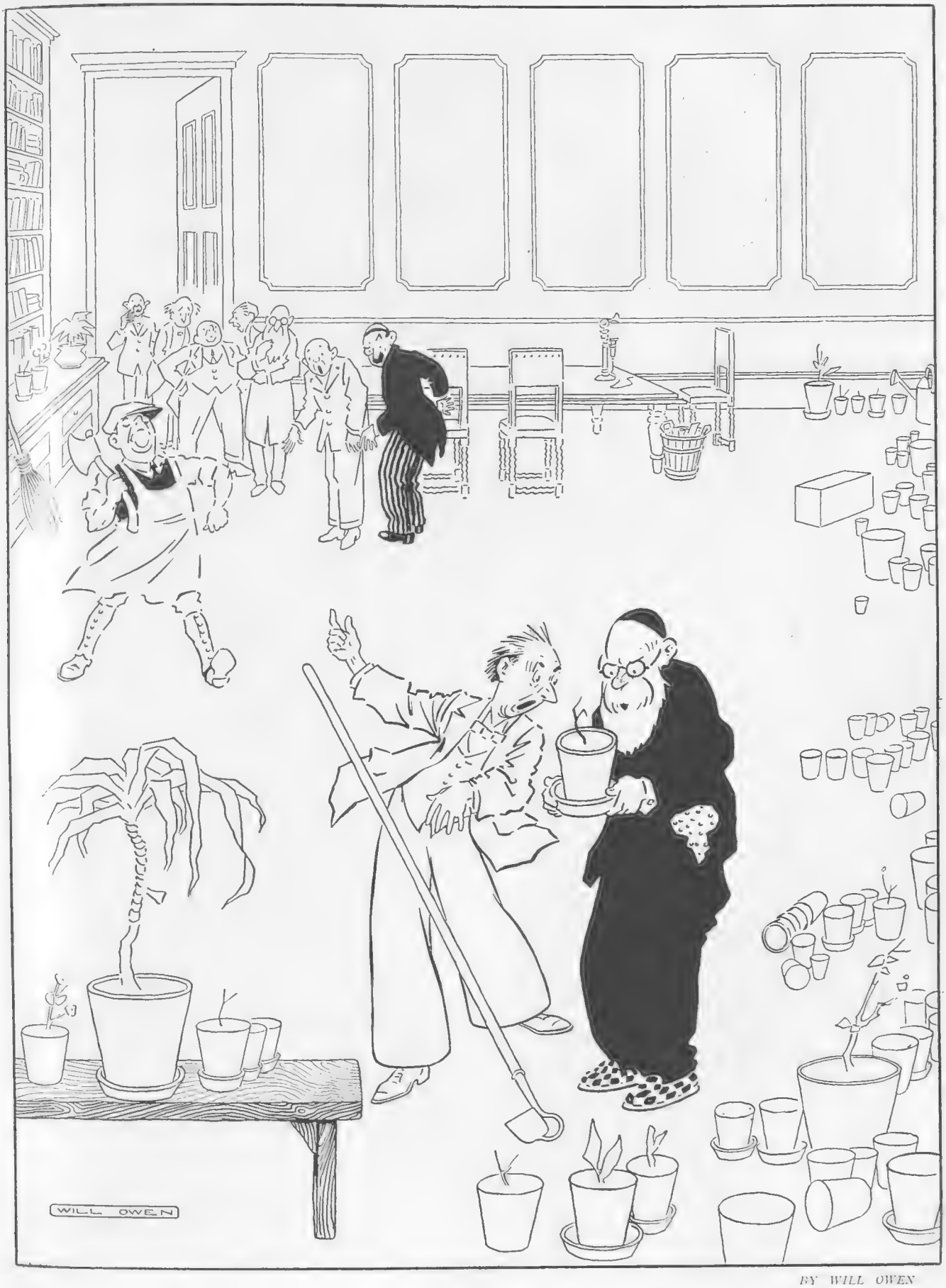
FOR months some odd construction had been going on in the Place d'Alma, and I thought it was to be a new Metro station, and, lo and behold, it turned out to be a statue by Emile-Antoine Bourdelle. It has just been unveiled and the base was covered with flowers. I had no idea who Mickiewicz was, and really wanted to ask the erudite conductor all about him, but then I would have had to ride all the way to Neuilly with him. However, I learned that Adam Mickiewicz was a great Polish poet who was exiled, and came to Paris, and, in 1832, held the chair of Slavic literature at the Collège de France.

He was greatly admired by George Sand and the Prince Adam Czartoriski, but unfortunately had to leave Paris in 1848 with Michelet and Edgar Quinet, because they had been stirring up an anti-Russian Polish plot in Paris. So Mickiewicz went to Rome and made such a hit with the Pope that he was allowed to return to France, and was made librarian of the Arsenal by Prince Jerome Bonaparte. His best known works are "Le Livre des Pèlerins Polonais" and "les Diziady." So there is nothing like cultivating The People to learn about Polish poets, is there?

MARIA GUY is showing divine little berets made of jersey, of either plain or tricky weaves, and plaid berets, and more berets made of the small-patterned silks that are used for men's scarves. She uses narrow, self-colour jersey bands around her straw hats for afternoon wear, and lovely multi-colour jersey bands for straw sport hats. Some of the straws are smooth Bangkoks, some are rough *paillasons*, and there is a new straw of natural colour that is rough, but not too rough, and, oh, so supple! She has two large models that are lovely, one in natural straw, which delicately droops into pleats at each side, and a black one with a yellow and black *fantaisie* laying lazily on one side of the brim. Each of these hats needs a good garden party to live up to. I hope a few people around Paris will take the hint.

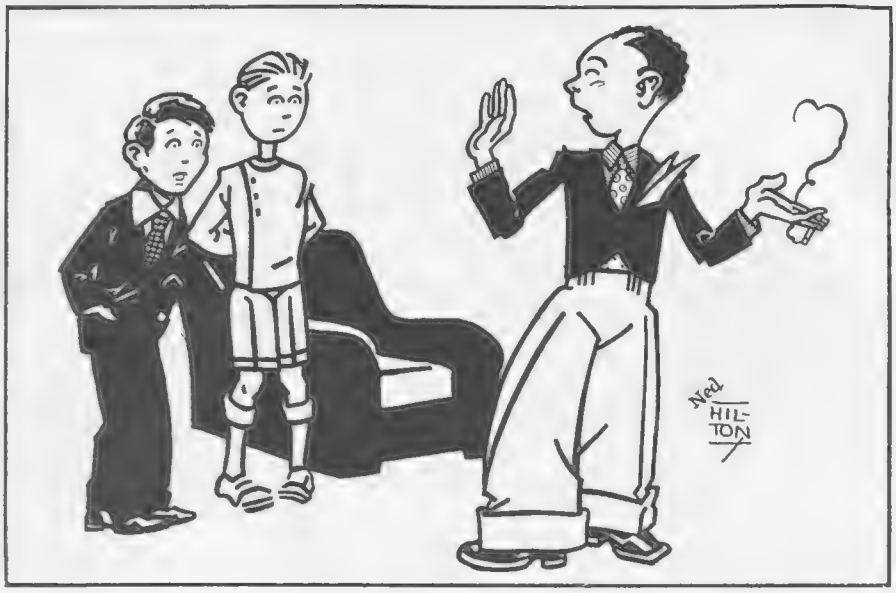
J. M.

DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS



BY WILL OWEN

The Chief Commissioner of the Woods and Forests Department discovers dry rot in a sapling



By Ned Hilton

"You kids are positively juvenile! Now listen to me because I *know women thoroughly!*"

Where Foreign Novelists Fail

By GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

I thought that it might be amusing to read a few novels newly translated from the French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and have proceeded to do so with as open and appreciative a mind as possible. The result has, to my surprise, filled me with a more fervent admiration of the Anglo-Saxon novelist. When I think of as varied a selection as *The Bridge of San Luis Ré, Tom Fool, Dodsworth, Point-Counterpoint,* or *Vivandière,* I am convinced that other European countries at the present time have little to teach English or Americans about novel-writing.

This may be called an unfair criticism considering the vast quantities of English novels one reads and the comparatively few translations. On the other hand, foreign books selected for translation are all supposed to be masterpieces of their various countries. Again one hears that a foreign author's style must lose so much in the translation. I do not feel this need apply nowadays, for the translator's art is taken much more seriously; and could books be more perfectly translated than *Sergeant Grischa, Jew Süss,* and Maurois' work on biography? I believe that the Anglo-Saxon race is supreme in this field of literature, but also that few of us can submerge our nationality sufficiently to understand completely the foreigner's point of view in any branch of art save painting.

The Tree of Knowledge, by Pió Baroja, translated from the Spanish, I did find extraordinarily interesting, although by reason of its construction we should not call it a brilliant novel, for in the middle of the story the author branches off into pages of the most abstruse philosophical discussions. It is, however, very well worth reading. The story is that of a young man, Andrès Hurlado, who becomes a doctor, but is really more interested in philosophy than medicine. Hurlado leads a lonely and withdrawn existence, for among his friends and acquaintances none seems interested save in the material side of life, while he is continually searching for that knowledge which will make the scheme of life logical and comprehensible. His mental and spiritual isolation is such that he becomes almost a recluse, fastidious as to sex, and abhorring all the grosser sides of life. His health and nerves suffer in consequence, and it is not until he marries a woman who is his friend as well as his wife that he attains happiness. Their short married life is entirely successful, bringing to Andrès a sense of profound peace and mental stability—until his wife tells him she is to have a child. This fills him with gloom and terror, for he does not consider himself fit to be a father, while he sees his wife's love for him change, she loses the affectionate humour which he loved, and becomes possessive and sentimental. She dies in childbirth, and Andrès in desperation poisons himself.

A crude outline of an absorbing study. Its evident sincerity is impressive, and it throws a most vivid light on the life and social conditions prevailing in Madrid and in a Spanish country town at the end of the nineteenth century. A tragic book, but it cannot be called sordid, for the hero is an idealist, and there are one or two other pleasant characters portrayed. The majority, however, are shown without ideals or ambition, possessing the stupidity, cruelty, and greed of the semi-educated. The book is violently anti-clerical and anti-semitic, full of vigorous and brilliantly clever attacks on the religion and educational system of Spain. One wonders, *en passant,* whether Sir William Joynson-Hicks would appreciate the following quotation: "Andrès had heard say that in England, where manners were extraordinarily free, and there was liberty in sexual matters, books were so closely watched that novels which French and Spanish girls read in the presence of their mothers were absolutely forbidden."

The Devil at the Long Bridge, by Riccardo Bacchelli, translated from the Italian, is, in my opinion, a far more difficult book for the English reader to appreciate. It is a novel founded upon historical fact, having the Russian revolutionary Bakunin as its central figure. His character is so admirably drawn that one feels it must be an almost perfect portrait. The novel opens towards the end of his life when he retires to a villa at Locarno, living luxuriously at the expense of a young Italian disciple. The book falls into two distinct parts. The first and by far the longest, consisting of over two hundred pages of small print, is devoted to a detailed description of the life and characters of these revolutionaries, their families, and various hangers-on, showing in humorous manner the eternal abuse of lavish generosity and the quarrels which invariably ensue. There is much skilful character-drawing, with flashes of delicate and delightful irony at the expense of this ridiculously impractical socialistic community. But the picture is so tremendously overloaded with detail that one becomes weary and bewildered by the lack of action and the flow of words. The vague futility of these philosophical socialists, entertaining at first, becomes tiresome and irritating. Even the author's satire, clever as it admittedly is, is insufficient to sustain the reader's interest. Petty spite, jealousy, and intrigue, however, humorously depicted, become indigestible, for when boredom begins humour is lost.

The second half of the novel deals with the attempted revolution at Bologna, depicts its complete lack of organisation, its stupidities and inevitable failure. Much contemporary history is explained, but again excessive detail interrupts the story and obscures the background. To our less emotional and more practical minds the whole episode appears impossibly farcical, and is too incomprehensible for our intelligence to assimilate. In fact, *Much Ado About Nothing* would be an admirable title, and one feels the author's subject is beneath his undoubted talent.

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"The Stand of the Diehards" at the Royal Tournament at Olympia

ELECTION ENTERTAINMENTS—and OTHERS

By ROSEMARY

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"ELECTION House Parties" are the new entertainment this Season—till May 30. And the debutante who looked forward to week-end invitations to country houses will be disappointed unless she equips herself to shine in this new sphere. The sporting accomplishments of good tennis or golf go by the board; so does dancing or bridge; the qualifications for success are a good platform manner and a "way" with constituents.

FOR with so many of the eligible young men standing for Parliament, the London houses and the country homes where parties and entertaining should be at their height just now are oddly quiet. Visitors learn that My Lady is out of Town, which means the family are all at the house in the constituency that the candidate has taken for the duration. Friends who are likely to be any use at all are welcomed. And it is sometimes for odd qualifications that they are chosen! Mr. Edward Hulton, for instance, who is fighting Leek, has taken a house up there, and I am told that one of his friends invited to spend Whitsun electioneering has the qualification of knowing very little about party politics. The advantage in this is that he can speak as "the man in the street."

MOST candidates also have an eye for decorative effect on their platform, so that the most tongue-tied of debutantes need not despair of success in the party if she can register vote-appeal in her eyes and has that Something in her smile that will make strong men rush to the poll. And experts in these strange matters of psychology apparently believe that the mere sight of a young woman on the platform will, by force of suggestion, do something to stimulate the interest of those new voters whose cross on the ballot paper is such an unknown quantity indeed.

IT is worth while, then—hold, as the film directors say, hold that look of rapt attention a moment longer; you may have heard the speech nineteen times before, but keep smiling and you will be rewarded with tea on the Terrace when your man gets in. For a lesson in how to look interested many a girl could well study "Megan" at her famous father's meetings. If she herself gets in for Anglesey—and if pleasing personality and the inheritance of Welsh eloquence has anything to do with it, she will—Ll. G. will have at least one person in the House to whom he is unconditionally a hero.

THE mechanisation of the Army these days that we hear a lot about is to have a share in the fighting equipment of the political campaigners, too. There are portable

THE SERVICES TO THE FORE AT OLYMPIA

"The poor voter is not to be allowed any peace"

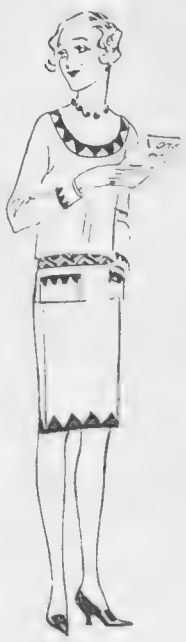
radios made which the candidate can attach to his car and broadcast his speech from some distance. This is a great saving to those whose voices are not equal to the strain of the hustings. But will no one think of the strain on the poor voter? Loud-speakers bawl at him in the streets, the wireless gives him politics, and there are also gramophone records of speeches! He is not to be allowed any peace—at least not until he is once again a person of no importance after May 30th.

S

BUT talking of mechanisation and the Army, the Royal Tournament begins at Olympia to-day. One of the items is to be a Tank Corps display. This sounds like the promise of a super-obstacle race, and for anyone with a taste for monsters of the mechanical age will no doubt be a very inspiring sight. For those to whom machines always present something of a nightmare the "good old days" that we shall see in the Albuera pageant will come quite as a relief. The pageant of this battle in the Peninsular Campaign is to be presented by the Middlesex Regiment, "The Diehards."

S

THERE is an idea prevalent that it is unusual for the drill display to be given by anybody but the Guards, and there was some comment this year on the fact that the Marines are to perform. As a matter of fact it is open to any section of the Service, and has never been the special privilege of the Guards. The musical



riding which we do usually connect with the Lancers is to be undertaken by them—the 17/21 Lancers, to be exact. For one of the biggest events, the massed bugle display, four regiments will be taking part. This promises to be a favourite item on the programme; there is something in military music which always seems to go to the heart of this generally unmilitaristic little island.

S

YESTERDAY was the academy of the flower world, the opening of the Chelsea Flower Show—a sight to refresh us after the rush of life in London that is the Season. It is like entering a new world to go to the Royal Hospital and see the lovely gardens and the rare exhibits laid out.

S

THE thought of gardens takes us to the out-of-doors world. Here the event of the week is the Whitney Cup finals at Roehampton, on Saturday, for which every good sportsman says a prayer to the Clerk of the Weather.

S

BUT we have more serious things than flower shows to occupy us just now, for you can take it from me that the girl of to-day is taking this Election business very seriously indeed. Cartoonists and other humorists notwithstanding, the butterfly of yesterday is the busy bee of to-day, and be she Con., Lib., or Lab., is settling down to a spot of real work in the constituencies. Taking a 'bus or tube to the crowded districts east of Aldgate Pump and then setting out on a house-to-house canvass is not the easiest or most amusing of ways of spending an early summer day, but that is precisely what so many of us are doing just now. Faint heart never wins votes for your own pet party, and when your most specious arguments and winning smile are met with the slamming of a front door by some irate henchman of the other side it takes more than a little courage to pound resolutely on the next door. If some of the arm-chair critics who talk contemptuously of the Flapper Vote would come and watch us at work they would have the surprise of their lives, but they'll get that anyway—after May 30, when the votes of us female proletariat are counted!

Rosemary.

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FLYING NOTES

AIR TAXIS AT A SHILLING A MILE

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

London's New Air Club

LIEUT.-COL. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.C., holder of the first Royal Aero Club certificate, has been enrolled as the first honorary life member of the Hanworth Park Club, and an invitation has been sent to Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, who is at present in New Zealand, to become similarly the first woman member. The Hon. Lady Bailey is on the Board, and the Dowager Lady Swaythling, who was a passenger with Col. The Master of Sempill when he landed his Bluebird seaplane at the Savoy steps for the N.F.S. lunch, and Madame de Landa, C.B.E., are amongst the first women to become members. Air taxis at a shilling a mile will be operating from Hanworth Park this summer, with a specially augmented fleet for the Schneider Trophy week-end. A *liaison* has been established with Northern Air Lines, Ltd., who are operating a taxi service from the air port of Manchester to all parts of the British Isles.

At the Flying Schools

AMONGST recent first soloists at Stag Lane are the Marquis de Casa Maury and Mr. P. C. Hordern, who is an Oxford Rugger Blue. It is interesting to note that Mr. Peter Du Cane was a pupil of Col. G. L. P. Henderson, also Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bellville (Miss Audrey Kidson). The Hon. G. and Hon. E. Ward, twin sons of Lord Dudley, and Sir John Milbanke's younger brother, Mr. Toby Milbanke, have been learning to fly under Col. Henderson at Croydon. Lady Bailey's brother, the Hon. Richard Westenra, has taken delivery of his Moth, which was flown down to Little Haldon Aerodrome, Teignmouth, by Mr. Parkhouse, the Avian distributor for the South-Western Counties. Being the only licensed site in South Devon, Little Haldon is getting plenty of traffic, and will be used as a centre by Sir Alan Cobham during his summer tour of Great Britain. Captain Wilson was there the other day with a D.H.61, and recent visitors by air include Lady Bailey, Mr. Jackaman, Mr. Marshall, owner of the new aerodrome at Cambridge, Captain Neville Stack, and Mr. Bartlett, of the Bristol and Wessex.

The Birth of the Hermes

THE original 27-60 horse-power Cirrus, a simple little four-cylinder air-cooled engine which enabled Hinkler, Bentley and Lady Bailey to set up world records, has been reborn as the Hermes, with 105-115 horse-power, sufficient to bring up the cruising speed of most light aeroplanes to 100 miles an hour. Captain Stack gave a marvellous demonstration at Croydon on an Avian fitted with the new engine, and there is no doubt that it has come at the right time, when private owners are increasing so rapidly. The six-seater Westland Limousine is to be refitted with the Hermes, which has been so designed that it can replace its forerunner, the Cirrus, in any type of machine, and should prove to be a great success.

Keystone

The advantages of flying to your holiday are appreciated by Miss Winifred Brown, seen above on her arrival at Gleneagles. Tennis rackets and golf clubs form an integral part of the luggage

A privately owned Avro-Avian Mark IV at Little Haldon. It is the property of Mr. F. S. Lee

British 'Planes on the Continent

CAPT. BROAD, chief pilot of De Havilland's, has recently returned from a demonstration flight to Greece, where he was relieved of his Gipsy Moth and compelled to return by boat and train owing to the high-handed methods of the Greek Navy, which insisted on purchasing the machine. Gipsy Moths are being used to operate the Swedish night mail between Oslo and Malmo, which is an interesting departure from precedent, as German Junker all-metal machines have always been used previously for air traffic in Sweden.

Around the Clubs

AT Sherburn-in-Elmet Flight-Lieut. Worrall has been having better luck with the weather after a bad winter; Messrs. Parkinson, Moon and Fields put up an excellent show on their respective solo flights. The Hampshire Club is getting new members at the rate of four a week, which is good going, but it means hard work for the instructors. Incidentally, the club's first Spartan has been delivered, and members are showing the keenest interest in it. The Belfast Harbour Board and National Flying Services, Ltd., are about to come to terms for the development of the principal aerodrome in Northern Ireland, and meanwhile the Belfast Flying Club is marking time pending the provision of a site fit to fly from. The Leicester Aero Club has been formed largely through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce, members of which have realised for a long time the value to the City of encouraging private flying. Mr. Lindsay Everard announces that promises of support are sufficient to purchase the first machine, and a temporary aerodrome has been found. The London Club has taken delivery of its second Gipsy Moth; this is the machine presented by Mr. J. Scott-Taggart.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

WHO ARE THE DULL PEOPLE?

By RALPH STRAUS

"HER life, you know, was one long romance." That is a common enough epitaph, though not one that is ever engraved on stone. And, with a little imagination, you can picture what "her life" must have been. Of course, she was singularly beautiful and brilliantly clever, and she had that indefinable charm which caused women as well as men to admire her. Yet she made the most dreadful mistakes. Her first husband . . . that ghastly divorce case . . . her devotion to the lame explorer . . . the passionate interlude with the prince in Venice . . . the Mexican fiasco . . . her strange and terrible death. . . . Yes, hers was truly an amazing story, and, of course, she must go into a novel.

P. G. WODEHOUSE F. A. Swaine

The famous humourist whose books and plays have amused thousands. His latest book of short stories, "Mr. Mulliner Speaking" (Jenkins: 7s. 6d.), was published recently

❋

GO into a novel she duly does. She goes into it regularly once a week, and, so far as I can see, there is nothing to stop her. And yet why shouldn't she go? We like our heroines to be passionate and romantic, and we forgive her her mistakes. And when she is burnt to death, or falls down a ravine, or takes poison, or is shot by some crazy admirer, we find a lump in our throats, for she was a beautiful woman who loved not wisely but too often. In fact, she is the kind of woman we are always wanting to meet and somehow miss.

❋

BUT what of the woman who never seems to have any adventures at all: the dear, dull creature who is not given the chance to make many mistakes; the ordinary, unromantic, "little brown mouse" of a woman whom nobody is frantically keen to meet? Well, her life may attract little attention, and she will probably never take poison or be burnt to death, but—is it necessarily unpicturesque? Will its relation never bring a lump to our throats? Need it be dull? No: told sympathetically, it can be just as entertaining and in a way just as exciting as the most hectic panorama of grand passions. And so it is with the story of Caroline Field, which Miss Helen Ashton unfolds in her novel, *A Background for Caroline*. (Benn: 7s. 6d.).

❋

NOW this is a charming and delightful book. I enjoyed every page of it, even when the writer is in some danger of allowing her knowledge of hospital life to run away with her. There is no attempt to construct a definite "plot"; that would be almost ridiculously out of place. But everything that is of importance in Caroline's life is sketched in deftly, amusingly, and with real understanding.

❋

SHE is only a tiny mite when her wretched mother runs off and leaves her to the care of the inept and bewildered archæologist who is her father. He does his best, but is not a very satisfactory parent. Caroline remains shy and untalkative, and all her life she has an uneasy suspicion that she has never really grown up. A self-imported Aunt Julia, who is "going to stand no nonsense," endeavours to marry her off, but only succeeds in finding a husband for herself. An Irishman kisses her *pour passer les temps*, and there is an ineffectual young man who is killed in the South African War. Apart from them, nobody takes notice of her existence, and she is reduced to helping her father with his literary work.

❋

NEVERTHELESS, she, like most of us, does want her adventure, and when the bigger War comes and she is in France an American doctor provides the opportunity. But is this to be the one "big" moment of her life? No, it comes and goes, and might never have happened. Fortunately, an old Colonel turns up years later in Italy, when she is about to become one of those pathetic spinsters who "live abroad" because it is cheap and they have no ties at home; and after nearly losing him by confessing to the "moment" in France she marries, and mothers him until his rather ghastly death back in England. And in the last chapters, a poor, bewildered old woman, she spends all her remaining energies on her stepson and his rather common wife. When she dies there will be absolutely nothing particular to write on her tombstone.

❋

AND yet of this "dull" woman Miss Ashton makes a quite wonderfully attractive portrait. Of course, Caroline is not "dull" at all. Hers is the kind of life which hundreds of women do live, and it is only surprising that more novelists do not make use of it. But perhaps the difficulties are too great for them. It needs an exceptional pen, like Miss Ashton's, to give enchantment to the "duller" manifestations of life. I can only say that this book is a little masterpiece of its kind—it is delicate, unusual, and is extraordinarily good to read.

❋

HERE, then, you have the commonplace story of a woman whom most people would call dull, and the book is mightily good. I turn to Robert Hichens's new novel *Dr. Artz* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.), which is a curiously exotic and rather improbable story about people whom nobody would call commonplace, and find it singularly dull. Yet here there is an ingenious plot, and hectic scenes, and audacious ideas. What, then, is the matter?

❋

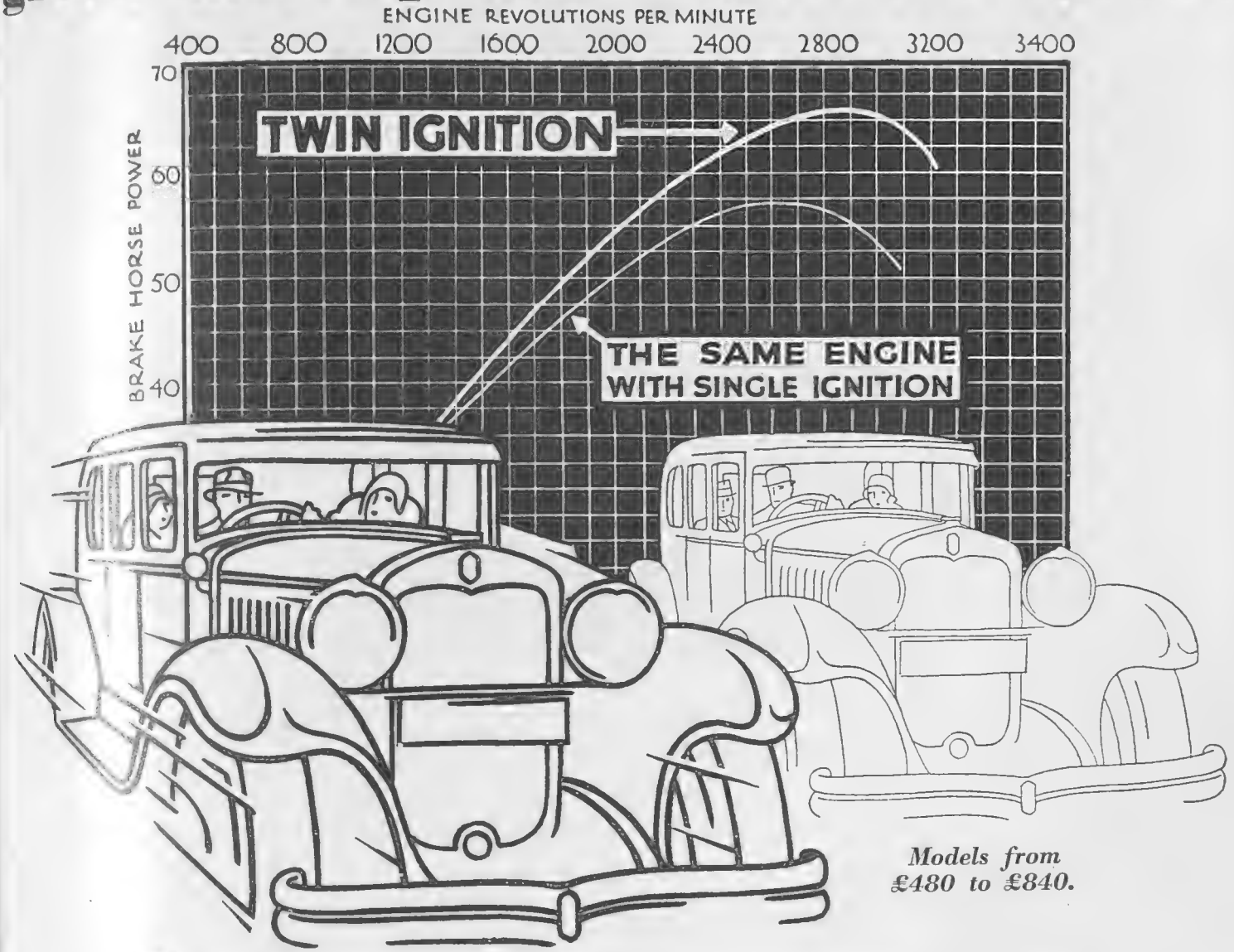
WELL, I fancy that Mr. Hichens is a little too fond of the bizarre. There *are* foreign doctors who run rejuvenation clinics, and expect to be very well paid, but I do not altogether believe in this Dr. Artz of Zurich, who purposely bungles the "cure" of a half-mad Jew millionaire in order to experiment on a Russian tenor who has lost his voice. That he fails, and that he is the inventor of a new and peculiar and magically potent cocktail (which adventurous readers will no doubt concoct for themselves) are the only satisfactory points about him.

❋

I KNOW that there are horrors like the Princess Teresco, and I am quite content to believe that no girl can hope to become a *prima donna* until she has "learnt to love"; but what a lurid melodrama is built up round about

NASH TWIN-IGNITION

gives *more* power — uses *less* petrol



Models from £480 to £840.

YOUR single-ignition car wastes 15 per cent. of petrol energy through incomplete combustion. It goes out through the exhaust. Nash Twin-ignition puts this 15 per cent. of extra power right under your foot. You can draw on it for more flashing acceleration, for faster speed, and for easier hill climbing. Drive a Nash, and you will wonder how you ever got along without twin-ignition. The effect of putting twin-ignition in a moderately priced engine has caused over 140,000 motorists to sell their single-ignition cars in order to buy a NASH. Write for the booklet describing Twin-ignition and other special Nash features, or 'phone Paddington 9777, when we will be pleased to arrange a trial run.

NASH "400" SERIES

NASH MOTORS LTD., 30 ST. JOHN'S WOOD ROAD, N.W.8 (OPPOSITE LORD'S)

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 436)

these patients of Dr. Artz! What an unpleasant business it all is! And at what an interminable length their doings are recorded! I found myself constantly skipping—in spite of the cocktail. Cannot Mr. Hichens find attraction in slightly less hectic folk who are content to grow old in the ordinary way?

❋

At any rate, it is with considerable relief that I turn from Mr. Hichens's *Dr. Artz* to "Beachcomber's" *Mr. Thake* (Bles: 7*s.* 6*d.*). He is a man who is so dull that were he to come into the room you would run for your life. Yet in "Beachcomber's" hands he becomes a sheer joy. He is the type of nicely mannered ass without brains who has enough money to do without them. He goes everywhere and does everything, and knows nothing at all. He is a caricature, of course, but the exaggerations are so skilfully worked in that you hardly notice them. And he has one vice. He writes letters. They come from all parts of the globe. They are a little incoherent and not always full of news, but if ever letters deserve to be printed his do. They are killingly funny.

❋

I have only one criticism to make. "Beachcomber" invented Mr. Thake for a daily article which he is still writing for a morning newspaper. It is a feature like nothing else in London journalism, and how he keeps it up I (who know him and occasionally try—without success—to get sundry little jokes of my own into print through his instrumentality) do not know. But when Mr. Thake originally appeared there were numerous portraits of him in various guises, and I feel very strongly that these portraits should not have been omitted from a book which will introduce him to so many new readers.

❋

And with Mr. Thake I might bracket *Mr. Mulliner Speaking* (Jenkins: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is useless to try to criticise Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's work. I know there are people to whom he makes no appeal, and I know that there are others who are only "lukewarm." For myself, I am sometimes delighted and sometimes inclined to be "cold." But the talkative Mr. Mulliner is excellent company, and the tales of his young friends' endeavours to get married cannot be read without a fairly steady stream of chuckles.

R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

Visitors to Hugo. By Alice Grant Rosman. (Mills and Boon: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
My Lord Greystark. By Ellis Middleton. (Mills and Boon: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
Riven. By Jean Devanny. (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*)
Beauty on Earth. By C. F. Ramuz. (Putnam: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stone Hilltops and the Sea. By Ruth Alexander. (Alston Rivers: 12*s.* 6*d.*)
In the Days of Queen Anne. By Lewis Melville. (Hutchinson: 18*s.*)

AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

Barbarian Stories, by Naomi Mitchison, is to be published by Cape on June 3. These stories date from the second millennium B.C. to A.D. 934. They are all about barbarians, what is done to them, and what they do to others.

Victorian Working Women, by Wanda Fraiken Neff, sounds both amusing and interesting. We are told that the author has ransacked magazines, newspapers, novels, Parliamentary reports, and legal records to complete her picture, and the result is a terrible indictment of smug Victorian respectability. Published by Allen and Unwin on May 23.

The Wanderer, by Alain Fournier, just published by Constable, was written fourteen years ago by an unknown young Frenchman, who was killed soon afterwards at St. Remy, and—one would have thought—was doomed to be forgotten. But his book survived, emerged slowly into fame, and now appears in English with a long introduction by Havelock Ellis.

We That Are Left, by Isabel C. Clarke, is to be published about the middle of June. We hear that it is the story of a post-war family, written with fine insight into human nature. Published by Hutchinson.

Empire Day has appropriately been chosen for the publication of *The Splendid Adventure,* by the Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes, the former Prime Minister of Australia. This is a survey of the British Empire, its present and its future, its internal conditions and its international relations, and is the first comprehensive book on the Empire to be written by one who has had actual experience of Empire government. Published by Benn on May 24.

THE WORLD'S WAY IS THE AIRWAY

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IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

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GET A KENSITAS FLAT-FIFTY TO-DAY!

ALSO TEN FOR SIXPENCE—TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

MOTOR NOTES

THREE FAST MEN

By E. M. WRIGHT

"It was in the year of grace . . ." So might an old-fashioned novel begin, and I am tempted to start my article with a modern variation, "It was in the year of speed . . ." For truly 1929, though it is not yet half out, has seen an unusual number of new records created. One's thoughts immediately turn to Segrave. The tumult and the shouting which greeted his wonderful triumph at Daytona have died, and the captains and the kings who assembled to do him honour have departed, leaving that truly modest man to enjoy the seclusion which he has so well earned. Yet I doubt not that if ever our position in the world of speed is seriously threatened, we shall hear of this famous "Knight on Wheels" again.

* * *

No sooner, however, have we welcomed Segrave than it behoves us to prepare a fitting reception to yet another famous British racing driver, who, though he has not achieved spectacular success to equal that of Segrave, has yet done wonderful things in South Africa Captain Malcolm Campbell, who left Cape Town on May 3, is due to arrive in this country by the time these lines are in print. In spite of immense difficulties, he has tested out a new course at Verneuk Pan till the last gasp, having used up his entire stock of tyres and having run them well over the limit prescribed by the makers.

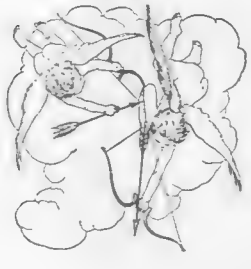
A photograph taken at Verneuk Pan just before Capt. Malcolm Campbell made his attempt to break the speed record on his Blue Bird. Mr. Elridge, the official timekeeper, is seen fitting timing tapes across the track

In spite of the fact that this course was in none too good a condition, in spite of the fact that the weather was very unfavourable, Captain Malcolm Campbell has created two new world's records, the five kilometres and the five miles at speeds of 215.9 m.p.h. and 211 m.p.h. respectively. Technically, too, owing to the fact that no record was taken at Daytona, he is entitled to claim the world's kilometre record at a mean speed of 217.1 m.p.h. His time for the flying mile, it is worth remarking, exceeded Segrave's by the infinitesimal margin of 9-10ths of a second! It is faint praise to describe these as meritorious achievements. But even had he failed to create a single record this intrepid driver would have won fame for himself by reason of his plucky fight against the tremendous odds that opposed him. The records that he has put up will be very hard to beat, at least on any other course but Verneuk Pan, for the simple reason that no other venue has anything approaching the necessary space.

* * *

Have we any successors to these veterans, or are they a dying race?

(Continued on page 442)



POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By appointment to H.M. The King of Spain.

THE STREET OF FAME

IN the eighteenth century leisure was a culture, manners an art, and the clothes of the man of fashion a matter of gracefully considered importance. Old Bond Street was then the famous promenade for the bucks and beaux of the period.

For two hundred years the historic street has retained its individual, exclusive and dignified atmosphere; apparently aloof from trade, yet always trading with a fine productive subtlety. Its reputation has never declined. By tradition and modernity, it is unique as the most famous street in the world.

Its narrowness has an intimacy and a charm. It is the street of quality. In length and breadth it is insignificant in comparison with the Rue de la Paix, the Unter den Linden or Fifth Avenue. Yet none of these has achieved the repute of Bond Street.

Much of Paris is beautiful. The new parts of Berlin—especially Kurfürstendamm—are artistically progressive. New York is a triumph of modern architecture. But compared with ancient Athens each is a mass of concrete and bricks.

It is from a desire to conform to classicism that Pope and Bradley have now rebuilt the frontage of their premises. Edwardian art was not particularly distinguished. This new design is the work of that traditional artist, Charles Sykes, and the conception is so fine in character that it may create a renaissance for twentieth century Mayfair.

* * * * * * * * *

It will be a pleasure for the principals of this House to welcome their customers and receive their opinions. Even though modern fashions in clothes are prosaic, they must be subtly cut and finely tailored, and the tones and beauty of classical surroundings are pleasant inspirations.

Lounge Suits from £10 : 10 : 0. Dinner Suits from £14 : 14 : 0. Dress Suits from £16 : 16 : 0.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW. W.C
& 10 ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

THE BENGUELA RAILWAY

SOLUTION OF AN AFRICAN TRANSPORT PROBLEM

A typical scene on the arrival of a train at Chinguar Station. Chinguar is rapidly increasing in size, and is already an important trade centre

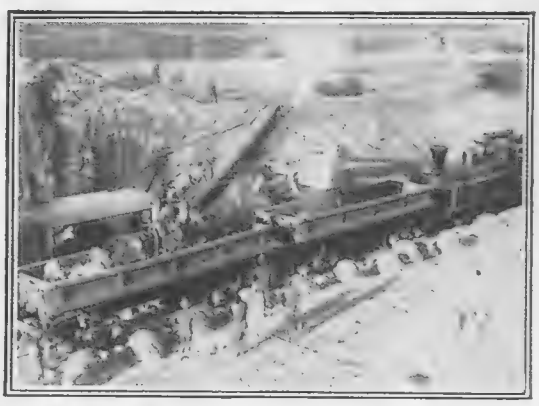
The railway passing through a gorge of the mountainous coastal belt on its way up to the Angola Highlands

Native cattle boy in Angola

Herds of cattle grazing on the elevated plateau in Central Angola, which is traversed by the Benguela Railway

European children born in Angola and brought up at Lobito Bay

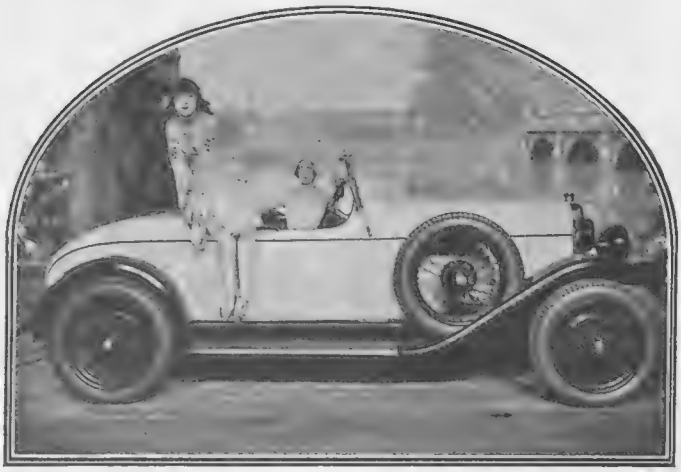
A mail steamer arriving at Lobito Bay, where a distinguished party of guests, invited by the Railway Company, will be present at the opening an June 10th



The Luishia Mine on the Katganga Copper Belt. Extracting copper ore from one of the Union Miniere Mines by steam shovel.

Central Africa, the heart of the "Dark" continent, is an elevated plateau of delightful climate and remarkable fertility, the area so favoured being large enough to support Europe's surplus populations. Temperate and tropical fruits and produce thrive there, as also do cattle, sheep, pigs and other domesticated animals. When vast deposits of copper were first found in Katanga and in Northern Rhodesia, some three decades ago, the need of a railway to the West Coast—to the Atlantic Ocean, which is the direct water highway to the markets of Europe and America—was promptly recognised by Sir Robert Williams, who was created a baronet last year for the important part he has played in African development during the past half century. A railway through nine hundred miles of African wilderness would save thousands of miles of distance and weeks of time on travel and the transport of products. Sir Robert selected Lobito Bay, twenty miles north of Benguela, a great and in every way desirable natural harbour, though hitherto little used. He enlisted the co-operation of the Belgians and Portuguese and formed and financed the Benguela Railway Company to develop the harbour and to build a line up through the gorges of the arid, mountainous belt along the coast of Angola on to the fertile plateau region of that Portuguese Colony, thence on through the Belgian Congo to the rich copper mines at Katanga. The Railway was completed to the Anglo-Belgian Congo frontier last August, and the line is being rapidly extended through the Belgian Congo to Tshilongo, there to join up with the Katanga Railway system, which is already connected up with the railway systems of South Africa. It gives Africa its first transcontinental all-rail line, and provides the Union Miniere du Haut-Katanga, already producing 110,000 tons of copper per annum, with a direct outlet to the Atlantic Ocean. The South African Mail boat, the "Carnarvon Castle," will carry a distinguished party of British guests invited by the Railway Company direct to Lobito Bay to be present at the opening ceremony on June 10th. So short is the new route via Benguela Railway that these guests will have visited the heart of Africa and be back in England after a total absence of just over five weeks.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 440)



Miss Binnie Hale and Miss Rieta Nugent in a scene from "Mr. Cinders" at the Adelphi Theatre The car used is an Alvis

Far from it. Among the candidates for promotion, so to speak, to super-speed motoring Mr. Kaye Don is particularly prominent. He will be a newcomer to Daytona or Verneuk Pan, but he is by no means a newcomer to the racing track. He has trained long and hard for these higher honours, and no one knows better than he that victory in these great speed contests is not to be won except through a stern apprenticeship, as witness the tragic death of Mr. Lee Bible at Daytona a few months ago. As Segrave and Campbell will testify, experience and training are essential. You cannot step out of the nearest cocktail bar and just slip into the machine—that is, if you value your life or your reputation, or both. And, as far as practice and training are concerned, Kaye Don is the hardest worker of any who aims to attack great world's records. Last year he had a series of brilliant successes, winning no fewer than fifty international records, including the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy. Already this year he has broken several records at Brooklands, among them his own lap record. Furthermore, he is taking part in all the big events of the season.

***

AFTER all, it is no disparagement to Segrave to leave him out of our calculations for the future. He has come out from retirement to uphold our honour something after the manner of those brave-hearted "dug-outs" in the War, who were only too willing to get back into uniform and do their bit. Segrave has "done his bit"—and more. It is now the turn of men who are still "on active service," as it were, to play their part, and it is to Kaye Don, it seems, that we must look next. It is no secret that the car is being designed in readiness for further attempts on the record as soon as may be necessary. As is only natural, America is not letting our supremacy pass unchallenged, and several famous concerns in the States are planning cars to attack Segrave's record. Kaye Don may thus be needed, and that sooner than is generally realised.

***

IN connection, however, with these efforts to raise the record still higher one problem arises, namely, whether Daytona is not too slow and too dangerous for such contests. This famous beach has many obvious defects. Its comparative shortness practically precludes the possibility of attempts being made over distances greater than five kilometres, for which Segrave established a record there of 202.98 m.p.h. in 1927. But of even more consequence is the risk of disaster

(Continued on page 444)

THIS WEEK'S HINT

ATTENTION TO TYRES

THE most important item in tyre care is regular attention to tyre pressures. These are given on tables issued by most tyre manufacturers, and covering practically every car and every model on the market; and there is no excuse for not following them. Tyres should be tested once a week by means of the simple tyre pressure gauge, selling at about 7s. 6d.

It is a common fallacy to keep the rear tyres at a higher pressure than the front ones. This should only be done in the case of heavy five-seaters, in which the rear seats are nearly always occupied. Tyres of the balloon type under-inflated by even as little as 5 lb. may have their normal life greatly reduced. The regular testing of tyre pressures should be carried out whether the car is in use or not, as tyres lose pressure when standing in a garage.

The All-British Standard

THE Standard Fifteen is a six-cylinder car with a certain pride. Pride of origin—built by British engineers who are proud of their workmanship. Pride of appearance—simple dignified lines with a rare finish in every detail. Pride of performance—smooth and effortless at high speeds, long pulls, or slow crawls. And to the passengers who lounge their long legs in the back and who care nothing for technicalities—there is the joy of roomy armchair comfort and the amenities of a sliding roof to suit the weather or their mood.

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Standard Nine Saloons from £185
6-cyl. Fifteen "Exmouth" Saloon £325

SETS A NEW STANDARD

"the only piece of glass that remained unbroken was TripleX"

Mansfields Ltd.
AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERS & AGENTS.
17 CORNFIELD ROAD, EASTBOURNE
SHOWROOM & WORKS
APRIL 16th.1929.

Your Ref.
Our Ref. SALES DEPT EIS/KM

Messrs. Triplex Safety Glass Co. Ltd.,
1, Albemarle Street.
LONDON, W.1.

Dear Sirs,

We have just had an occasion to deal with the worst smash it has ever been our lot to witness, and we thought it would be of great interest to you and the General Public to know that the only piece of Glass that remained unbroken . . . . . was, TRIPLEX.

This was the lower half of the Windscreen and it was completely thrown from the Windscreen Frame into the Car, and the only damage received was a crack. With the accompanying photographs you will see that all the remaining glass was ordinary PLATE GLASS and breaking of which unfortunately cut the Driver very severely.

This to our mind proves the outstanding features of your SAFETY GLASS, and we sincerely hope that the time will arrive when no Manufacturer will produce a Car without the whole of the Glass being of the Safety Pattern.

We are,

Yours faithfully,
FOR MANSFIELDS Ltd.
Sales Manager.

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd. -and be safe!

...e sure it's Triplex; look for the three X's in a ...: this Trade Mark is on all Genuine Triplex Glass.

TRIPLE SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD., 1, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Let Gazes Plan Your Garden

IF you would like a garden of which you will be genuinely proud, and which will give you untold pleasure this summer, now is the time to have it made by Gazes.

Gazes are masters of Garden Making. They speedily transform the most unpromising site into a picture of beauty.

See their numerous types of gardens at "THE GAZEWAY" on the PORTSMOUTH ROAD, SURBITON.

Write for Booklet.

W. H. GAZE & SONS Ltd.
"THE GAZEWAY,"
SURBITON.

WAKEFIELD RECOMMENDATION SERIES No. 9. *Watch for your Car!*

The Manufacturers of

ESSEX CARS

The Challenger

USE and RECOMMEND *exclusively*

WAKEFIELD CASTROL MOTOR OIL

HUDSON ESSEX MOTORS LIMITED
GREAT WEST ROAD.
LONDON, W.4.

Messrs. C.C.Wakefield & Co.,Ltd., 18th March 1929.
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E. C. 2.

Dear Sirs:

We are pleased to confirm our recommendation of Wakefield CASTROL Motor Oils exclusively to lubricate ESSEX the CHALLENGER.

This new Essex possesses, in addition to its enhanced beauty, an amazing performance. The engine develops 24% more power, due to a larger bore, higher compression, increased valve lift, new cylinder head, improved valve-timing and other features.

This increased efficiency naturally necessitates lubricant of irreproachable quality, and we may say that our long experience of Wakefield CASTROL in our Works enables us to recommend its use with all confidence.

We are, yours very truly,

p.p. HUDSON ESSEX MOTORS LIMITED.

Managing Director.

ENGINE
Wakefield CASTROL
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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 442)

Princess Arthur of Connaught taking delivery of her new car, a six-cylinder Singer coupé. With her is Mr. W. E. Bullock, Managing Director of Messrs. Singer and Co., Ltd.

inherent in the fact that the sands are subject to tidal action, which causes unevennesses imperceptible to the eye, but fatal to a car travelling at such high speeds; and at any time a soft spot may occur somewhere along the course. After months of careful search in all parts of the world Verneuk Pan was selected as the only possible alternative. Here there is a clear run of some sixteen miles. A considerable amount of expenditure will, it seems, be needed to put the course in first-class order and maintain it. But, thanks to Captain Malcolm Campbell's enterprise, it is very possible that future attempts on the world's record will be held at Verneuk Pan in preference to Daytona—on British soil, and won, we hope, with consistent regularity by British drivers in British cars.

***

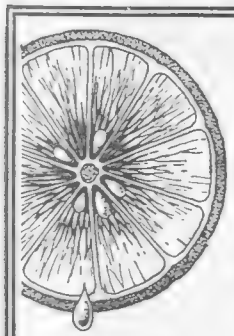
PRESENT-DAY traffic conditions and the high speeds now common make stringent demands on motor car headlights if night driving is to be safe. The headlights must give a long and powerful beam to enable objects to be seen in plenty of time for the car to be brought to a standstill if necessary. At the same time there must be ample light immediately in front of the car and on either side of the road. Yet again, there should be no glare to annoy pedestrians or drivers of oncoming vehicles; moreover, in this climate, the headlights should enable the driver to proceed safely through fog or mist. Special attention has been given to these problems in the design of the Zeiss headlamps, which are now fitted as standard to the well-known Stutz cars. The name of Zeiss needs no introduction to those who know anything of optics. Spotlights and the Contax direction indicator are other specialities of Carl Zeiss (London), Ltd., whose showrooms at Winsley House, Wells Street, W.1, are well worth a visit.

***

AT the last annual meeting of the Scottish Automobile and General Insurance Co., Ltd., of 136-138, Hope Street, Glasgow, a very strong case was made out for differentiating somewhat more carefully between the various makes of cars according to length of life, cost of repairs, which again would be governed by accessibility, and so forth. No sooner said than done. This extremely interesting idea has been carried into practice by the company, and a new booklet, giving specifications for the various cars on the market and the premiums on them, has just been drawn up. It is well worth writing for. Amongst the items included is a specimen prospectus and policy form, which so many motorists only see when they have signed themselves into a policy which may turn out to be anything but ideal.

***

MESSRS. WEYMANN MOTOR BODIES (1925), LTD., have found from experience that there are very few people, even amongst those professionally interested in the motor trade, that have a true grasp of the Weymann body and its principles. For example, this type of body is consistently confused with ordinary coachwork in which fabric covering is used. To educate the public and the trade alike the company has just brought out a brochure dealing with the working principles of the Weymann body. The Weymann enterprise in this country is developing at a rapid rate. E. M. W.



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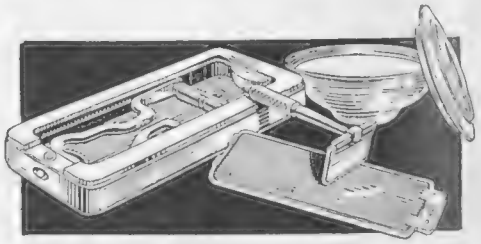

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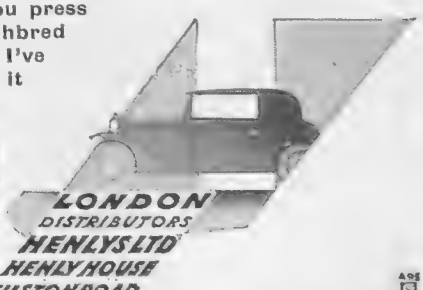

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DERBY RUNNERS—TAKE YOUR PICK!

TRIGO, seen with J. Leach up

REFLECTOR, who is trained by Watson

RACING HINTS

The horses named weekly on this page are not selected for any particular race; they should be entered in your diary and backed each way until they win.

HATCHET LANE

(B.G., by Vencedor—Hors de Combat). Owner, Lt.-Col. H. Green. Trainer, F. Hartigan.

Inspired money, and lots of it, made this gelding favourite for a time for the Shepperton Selling Plate (five furlongs) at Kempton. He was very badly off, but made up ground very rapidly to be beaten a neck by Luisita. Must be followed.

ON APPROVAL

(Ch. G., by Triumph—Petite Marie). Owner, Mr. H. Simmonds. Trainer, J. Scott. This gelding was the medium of a starting price "job" at Kempton, but not getting away from the gate as smartly as John Silver and Economy, was handicapped from the start, eventually finishing fourth. Go out to recover losses.

HARTFORD

(Bay Colt, by Swynford—My Dear). Owner, Mr. A. R. Cox. Trainer, Lawson. This four-year-old colt was backed to win the "Jubilee" at Kempton Park. He never had a chance owing to Voltero crossing his path at the start. The money lost will soon be got back, probably the first time of asking.

BLACK STAIN

(Br. G., by Black Gauntlet—Smear). Owner, Capt. C. F. Elsey. Trainer, Elsey. Ran third at Ripon. Beaten a length and neck. Was confidently supported to win. Follow up at North Country meetings.

OLD FRIEND

(Br. Colt, by Forerunner—Bold Lily). Owner, Mr. A. Boazman. Trainer, Peacock. This colt was backed at Ripon on Saturday from 20 to 1 down to 4 to 1. He was beaten a head and neck from the winner, Glengowan, and Timber; the winner having the best of the start. Old Friend should prove a good friend.

GUANA

(Ch. G., by Boydrop—Sea Bird). Owner, Mrs. E. Morgan. Trainer, H. Leader. For a three-year-old seller was backed by the "Blower" when running third to Blue Riband at Alexandra Park. Was badly away. Should be followed in races up to a mile and a quarter.

CRAGADOUR, one of the favourites

The valiant MR. JINKS

GAY DAY, which may provide one for his backers

MIDLOTHIAN, a candidate which has a strong following

Mr. Solly Joel's KOPI going all out

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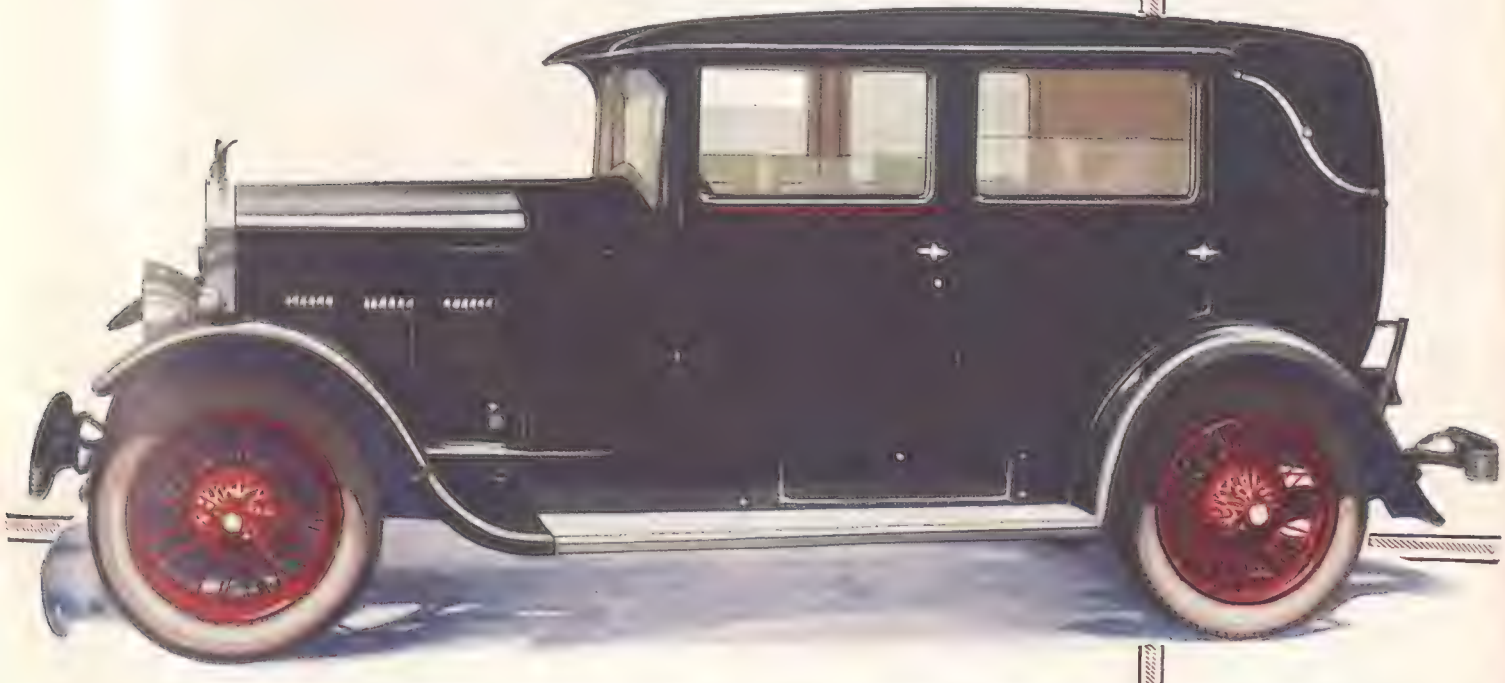

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FASHION'S FANCIES

ASCOT

AS fresh and delightful as the flowers in the Royal Enclosure will be the chiffon dressess which will add movement and gaiety to the lawns at Ascot. The one sketched above is a Lucile Paray model with large bunches of pink and faintly yellow daisies on a white ground. The loosely draped neck is the latest of Fashion's whims, while the cleverly arranged little cape, which is divided at the back and joined to the sleeves from the shoulder to the wrist, takes the place of a coat. A Leghorn picture hat, with a wreath of shell flowers, completes one ensemble. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, as does the honey-coloured lace dress. The back is very interesting, for the skirt has three dipping tiers, and from the neck hang tabs of lace. The hat is of purple felt with an open-work straw brim

Sketched by Morris

THE CALL OF THE SEA

Needs Must . . .

CLOTHES for the beach and for bathing become more and more important. And how resourceful are the designers! For instance, a swimmer of Wedgwood blue stockinette, with a delicately patterned top, has been created with the intention of placating the authorities who last year refused to allow punts bearing people in bathing costumes to go through Boulter's Lock. As soon as one comes within range of the official eye one dons a long pair of coral coloured trousers, which are held in place over the costume by a narrow belt. Thereafter one wraps oneself in a short coat of the figured material, lined with coral, and all is well! Another swimmer of black stockinette had an *appliquéd* ship in red and white taffeta at the neck. When playing on the sands or indulging in a sun bath a black taffeta skirt with white godets is added. It is attached to a wide tucked sash, and ties with a large bow. There is a matching gipsy cap.

Modern Mermaids

SEA suits are essentially practical this year. Generally speaking, there are only two types. The regulation swimmer and the Canadian costume, which is a neat tunic with shorts attached at the waist. The shapes vary, and some are quite intricately seamed, while others are of the backless variety. Illustrated on the left of this page is a delightfully youthful knitted pink swimmer. A white rubber belt defines the waist, and the cap is exactly like those worn by elves in the fairy tale books of our youth. Over it is worn a proofed brown crêpe de Chine cape lined with yellow. The large kerchief can be draped about the shoulders, as depicted, or swathed round the head. On the right is an exceedingly smart flared coat made of capucine and Lido blue American cloth, lined with blue Terry towelling. It is also obtainable in gold and black. All these suits, and many others equally attractive, are to be found at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

A knitted pink swimmer and a very dashing cape of proofed brown and yellow crêpe de Chine, from Marshall and Snelgrove

Fashion smiles upon dresses made from Courtauld's fabrics. This frock would look charming in Courgette or Clytie satin

Vivid Pyjamas

A RATHER bizarre note is noticeable in the pyjamas which are destined for the fashionable beaches. One attractive suit was made of tussore. The full black trousers were banded with red, the same colour as the blouse. The sleeveless coat was of black, bordered with hemstitched bands in red, yellow, and turquoise. An enormous hat of coarse straw, with ribbons of the same hues encircling the crown and hanging down the back, completed a picturesque outfit.

Flower-like Dresses

THE dresses that will be seen this summer will make their wearers look like flowers in an old-world garden. Beautiful clear colours and soft pastel tones, delicately patterned silks, and graceful flowing lines, all will add to the enchantment and brightness of sunlit days. Courtauld's fabrics are being used extensively for many lovely frocks. Their San-Toy is available in new and very charming designs. The colours are guaranteed, and no amount of cleaning will rob it of its freshness. Incidentally, it lends itself admirably to the supple draperies upon which Fashion smiles, and Courtauld's marocains in plain shades blend with it perfectly. For the evening there is Clytie satin, or Courgette, both of which are quite delightful. The lasting charm of lingerie made from Delysia or Courtauld's washing satin is so well known that it has become almost a byword.

This smart flared coat is also sponsored by Marshall and Snelgrove. It is of capucine and Lido blue American cloth

A beautiful jewel for a guinea

With the coming of Ciro jewels came a new idea of chic. Women found they could—and should—match every frock and most hats with the appropriate Ciro jewel. Fresh designs were devised for the more exquisite setting of Ciro sapphires and rubies and emeralds. New modes appeared for brooch and earring, bracelet and ring. To-day at the Ciro salons you can choose your perfect jewel from a wonderland of gems. Here are a few of the many original designs.

¶ AN INVITATION. *Choose anything you see pictured here and send us a guinea. If after 14 days you are not fully satisfied, send your purchase back and your money shall be returned in full. Send for Ciro Jewellery booklet No. 7.*

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DOGS

THE SWING OF THE SEASON

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THIS week of Whitsuntide is a strenuous one for Dog fanciers, with Shows being staged in a dozen different quarters. Monday and Tuesday were crowded, and to-day, Wednesday, brings the Liphook and Haslemere Exhibition, and another at Nottingham. The Duchess of Newcastle will judge, and Spillers bench and feed the Fox Terrier Club's 47th Championship Show at Cheltenham next Wednesday, at which there will be a wonderful parade of England's beloved Terriers. Alsatian enthusiasts will rally in force on the South Downs to-day (Hove) for the first of two days' Working Trials; and the long list of June Shows includes Windsor, Barnstaple, Southport, Guildford, Oxford, Darwen, Hatfield, and many others.

OUR duties to posterity may be ever so important (despite the Irishman's inquiry of "What has posterity done for us?"), but it is a natural fact that we're mostly keener on the activities that bring quick results than on planting for our grandchildren's picking. And that's one reason for the fascination of Dog-fancying: breeding, rearing, etc. It does yield its rewards with attractive rapidity. *Par exemple*, readers of the foregoing gossip may be interested to know that it is the 345th which has appeared in these pages. While the first of them was being printed "The Kennelman" was helping to wean a certain Bloodhound bitch pup. While Bystanders have been reading the others that same Bloodhound has passed through the stage of winning scores of prizes in different parts of the country, of earning her full Championship, and of bringing many other full Champions of her race into the world. Still going strong herself, she now has prize-winning great-great-great-grandchildren, and the other month, at Cruft's, she took first prize in the Veteran Class! That is the record of one pup of a litter—Ch. Dark's Priscilla of Pell.

L.N.A.

ALL TIED UP IN KNOTS

Mr. J. Jackson's Yorkshire Terrier, Dewsbarian Dukie, undergoing an intensive hairdressing treatment. As this dog has proved a successful prize-winner, the elaborate preparations are but the penalty of fame

PRESSURE of other responsibilities having obliged the Earl of Cavan reluctantly to give up his Presidentship of the Irish Wolfhound Club, it's good to note that that keen appreciator of an ancient and noble breed, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, has taken on the vacant post.

WOULD oversea readers please note that "The Kennelman" cannot act as agent in the matter of buying and selling either Dogs or their various requirements. With regard to the best Dog foods and accessories for use in the East and the tropics, tips will be found in a number of well-known doggy books, especially "The Englishman's Dog in the Tropics." Advice in all such matters is readily furnished by the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3. In the tropics, as elsewhere, the root of success in the care of Dogs is correct feeding. *Hard* food is the only rational staple in canine dietary, and sloppy substitutes are specially harmful in hot climates.

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CONVENTIONS RIGHT AND WRONG

By "ACES EASY"

BEFORE advising my readers of yet other conventions of which to beware I wish to make it very clear that I have no objections to conventions at large on the ground that they *are* conventions. Such signals as "I kick it," meaning "Leave it in," and "I double," meaning "Take it out," are as much conventions of the card-table as eating peas with a knife is a convention of the dinner table. Both *are* done in certain circles (I will not say the same circles, though I have my own views on the point), but, equally, both are "not done" in the accepted sense of the word.

I FEEL sure that someone is going to say: "If I use any one of the accepted, and legitimate, signals of modern Auction and Contract, I am giving just as much information to my partner as if I call 'Two diamonds' to instruct him to choose between hearts and spades." This is logically correct, and I might say the man who eats peas with his knife will assure me he runs no danger of cutting his throat, so skilful is he, and he can eat peas with as much enjoyment as those who use the more conventional implement.

A CONVENTION should mean what it says. "Aha!" my imaginary opponent will say, "what about the negative double? That means the reverse!" That is the belief of the great majority, and the creed that a negative double is not a genuine double is responsible for all the iniquitous negative doubling that defaces the card-tables of the world to-day. For a negative double should be a hand *strong enough to defeat the call it attacks.*

BRIDGE COMPETITIONS

"The Bystander" has determined to inaugurate a series of Bridge Competitions, to be conducted fortnightly.

The first of these will appear in the issue of June 5.

They will take the form of problems of bidding and play, to which only one answer may be given in any one solution. The Card Editor will give the answers he deems correct, as "The Bystander" feels that a plebiscite decision merely penalises the good player at the expense of the average and the effect of such a competition, run on plebiscite lines, would tend to lower rather than to raise the standard of general play.

The prize will be awarded to the first correct solution opened. No solution will be opened until the closing date of each competition.

The first prize will be the sum of five guineas. In addition, "The Bystander" has had special cards printed, and six consolation prizes of two packs of cards will be given either to those who have succeeded in solving the problem in accordance with the Card Editor's solution and have not been lucky enough to have their envelopes opened first, or to the unsuccessful competitors whose solutions most nearly approximate to the Card Editor's.

In all cases the decision of the Card Editor is final.

N.B.—As Contract Bridge is still in the embryo stage, the first couple of competitions will treat of Auction. Should "Bystander" readers relish a Contract Competition, the Card Editor would be glad to receive notice of this desire and will immediately take steps to satisfy it.

DEALER goes a no trump and second hand doubles. The old idea was: "Partner, I have a no trumper; pick a suit." The true idea is: "Partner, I can double a no trump on my hand if you have average cards; if you have, PASS! If you have a good suit to bid, we have the game. If you are weak, take out my negative double as you would rescue a positive double." That is the only honest way to use this sorely abused convention, and in this case one can truly say, "Honesty is the best policy," for it is the only profitable way to use it!

"OY! Oy!" my interlocutor will shriek. "That may be O.K. for a no trumper, but no one doubles *sans à tout* in expert circles to-day. What about the negative double of a suit call?" To answer that I can only say that a man who doubles a spade on less than six tricks is (*a*) dishonest and (*b*) a bad player. Oh, you doublers on hopes! Your partners will call if they have a call, believe me, without the spur of the double; if they have not a call and you have not the double of a spade, you will wish you had said, "No bid." If you have six tricks, you have an honest double of one spade, for you are entitled to expect one trick even from a passing partner. You need hold no spade honestly to double a spade contract, remember, and if your partner is muddy as to his hand he will deny the double even as he would "deny" any other call you made.

Willing—CC8

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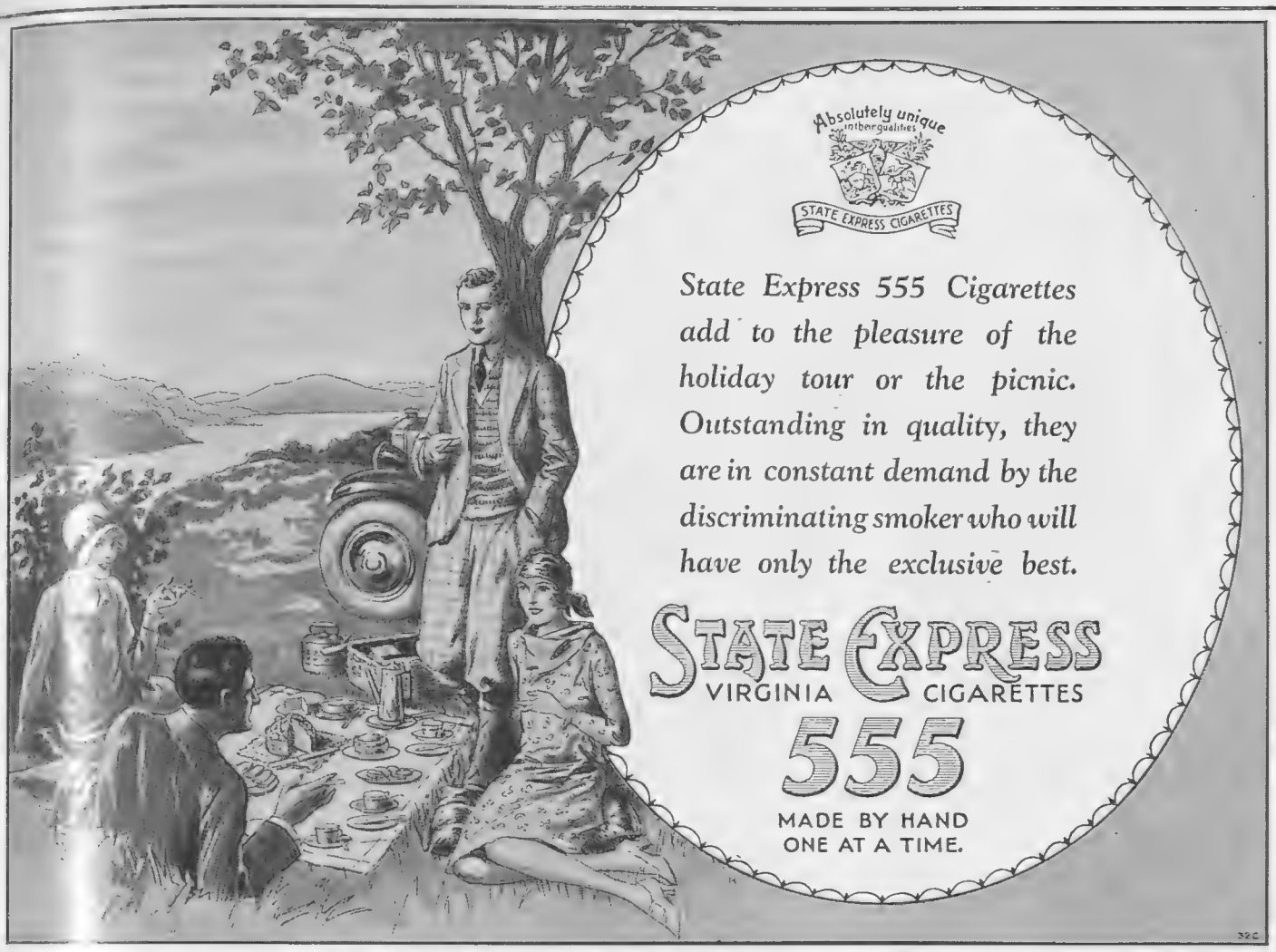

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THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Fricasseé of Lobster

PICK all the flesh from two medium-sized lobsters and mince it. Melt 2 ozs. of butter in a saucepan and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Allow this to cook thoroughly, but not to colour. Then moisten by degrees with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. When well mixed, add the lobster, and let it all simmer for ten minutes, stirring it well. Then add a good squeeze of lemon-juice and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Heat up, but do not allow to boil. Serve at once with brown bread and butter.

Crab Salad

TAKE the meat of two or three small crabs, cut into small pieces, put it in a basin, and mix with about one-third its quantity of shredded endive. Season with salt, pepper, two tablespoonfuls of Lucca oil, the same of wine or malt vinegar, and a dessertspoonful of finely chopped parsley. Decorate with slices of hard-boiled egg, capers and stoned olives, and, if liked, some slices of cucumber.

Buttered Crab

SLICE into small pieces the flesh of a crab, put it into a saucepan with about 1 oz. of butter, and heat it slowly, then pour over and thoroughly mix with it from one to two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, and a pinch of cayenne. Grate in a little nutmeg, and when it is hot through serve immediately either in the shell of the crab or in scallop shells, and serve it plain, or, if preferred, with breadcrumbs over.

Menu

FRICASSÉE OF LOBSTER.

CRAB SALAD.

BUTTERED CRAB.

CREAM OF LOBSTER.

ENTRÉE OF LOBSTER.

Cream of Lobster

MELT 1 oz. of butter, stir in 1 oz. of flour, add a gill of cream, and stir till hot through, then add pepper, salt, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, the same of lemon juice, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and 2 ozs. of lobster which has been minced and rubbed through a sieve. When this is well blended, stir in the whites of the eggs, which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Butter some casserole cups, fill three parts full of the mixture, and steam for twenty minutes. Then turn out and serve with shrimp or cheese sauce poured round.

Entrée of Lobster (Cold)

LINE some small mounds with aspic. Put in pieces of lobster cut small, then some slices of peeled tomatoes. Pound some picked shrimps with butter and enough aspic to make it set. Season well, and fill up the moulds with the mixture, the top layer being aspic. When quite set, turn out and garnish with mustard and cress, and serve with a salad.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

At Aldershot

One of the most interesting events of the Season every year is always the Aldershot Command and District Horse and Hound Show, which draws a vast crowd of spectators to the Rushmoor Arena. This year the Show is being held on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, July 3, 4, 5, and 6, and promises to be as successful in every way as it has been in preceding years. Already a large number of entries have been received for the many different events, which include the King's Challenge Cup, presented by His Majesty for the best horse in the Aldershot Command, and many interesting jumping events. In fact, there is no doubt that those who visit Aldershot for the Show will experience very real enjoyment at a function which has long been recognised as one of the most delightful of the Season.

An English Spa

Harrogate has long been famous for its waters, and a vast number of sufferers visit this healthy and picturesque town every year to take the cure. But it is not only as a centre for the ailing that Harrogate has won fame, for it offers many facilities for enjoyment to the robust as well as healing to the sick. The beautiful surrounding country provides limitless charming walks and drives, and the sportsman and sportswoman can find every opportunity to indulge their favourite recreation. Angling, Badminton, boating, bowls, golf, hockey, shooting, riding and lawn tennis are among the many pursuits that await the visitor, and a holiday at Harrogate certainly serves to make those who visit it "fighting fit." The hotels and shops are really excellent, and dances, concerts and entertainments to make the evenings really bright and jolly are never lacking. Full details of all Harrogate's attractions, and also of the cure and baths, may be obtained from Mr. F. J. C. Broome, the General Manager of the Publicity Department, Harrogate.

A Self-winding Watch

The Harwood self-winding watch, which has made a welcome appearance on the market,

THE MORGAN CHALLENGE CUP

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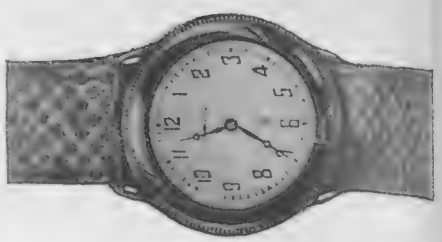

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can well claim to represent the ultimate development of the watchmaker's art. It is a reliable and accurate timepiece which does not differ fundamentally from other first-class wrist watches, except that an automatic winding device takes the place of the usual winding stem. It can, of course, be regulated in the same manner as other watches, and can be cared for by any competent watchmaker. One of the great advantages of the Harwood watch is that, having no winding stem, it has been possible to enclose the movement in a case having no aperture whatsoever, thus rendering it impervious to damp, dust and perspiration, and the lubricating oil, the life-blood of every watch movement, retains its original effectiveness. Thus the watch functions under ideal conditions, and the majority of watch disorders are eliminated. The winding is effected by a simple device through the natural and unconscious movement of the arm, and it is so constructed that overwinding is impossible. If the watch is worn during the day sufficient reserve is stored in the mainspring to keep it functioning continuously over a long period. This excellent timepiece may be obtained from the Harwood Self-Winding Watch Company, Ltd., Regent House Arcade, 252-260, Regent Street, W.1.

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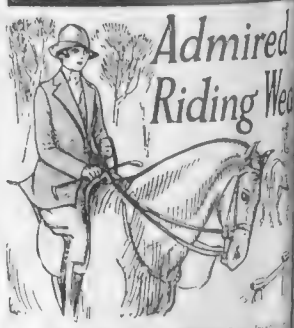
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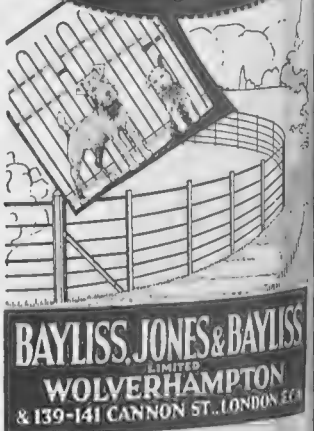

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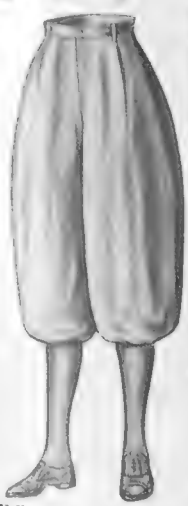

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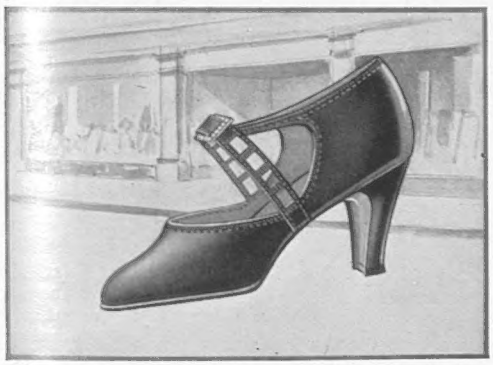

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